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Events of the Week.

THE real meaning of the German threat of a submarine blockade of our coasts was frankly revealed during the last days of the period of grace. The Germans hoped to negotiate with this menace as their threat. They would refrain from using submarines against our commerce if we on our side would allow neutrals to supply their civil population with food. A formal note conveying this suggestion was handed to the United States Government, as the most interested neutral, on Monday, and at once transmitted from Washington to London. It represented a further stage in the German argument; as we were going to arm our merchant ships, it would now be perfectly legitimate to sink them at sight, since they are now in effect combatant vessels—a plea which absurdly ignores the plain fact that we are taking this precaution only because Germany had already begun to sink merchant vessels at sight. Neutrals meanwhile were warned that it was futile to paint their hulls in the national colors, for British ships could also disguise themselves in that way. A Norwegian vessel was pursued by a German submarine on Tuesday off Cherbourg, but was rescued by French destroyers. A small French coasting steamer was sunk at the same time, after an effort to escape; but her crew were allowed ten minutes to save themselves.

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THE German reply to the American protest is a tactless and ill-tempered document, which is unlikely to improve their case with American opinion. It lays stress on the danger of the starvation of the German population, the only plea which is likely to appeal to the American mind, but one suspects that the real preoccupation of the German staff is more probably the diminution of certain of its military stores. The note repeats the threat that neutral shipping may be sunk "by accident," and talks of strewing mines indiscriminately. The suggestion is again made that America should have her shipping convoyed by her warships through our waters—a naive plan for embroiling her with us. But the main point of the note is an appeal to the States to stop the sale and export of contraband to us—to do, that is, for Germany what her Navy cannot do for her. The only concession in the note is the statement that German submarines will not attack American ships "as far as these can be recognized."

* * *

FEW abler or more conciliatory documents have ever come from the Foreign Office than Sir Edward Grey's reply to the United States' remonstrance over the injury caused to neutral trade by the exercise of our rights of search and capture. An analysis of American customs returns proves conclusively that, save in the case of cotton, the war has actually arrested the decline of export trade from which America had suffered during the first half of last year. The serious falling off in cotton exports is, of course, due to the war, but not to our conduct of it, for cotton is not interfered with. Further statistics show that fewer neutral ships have been detained for prize court procedure than have been sunk by the enemy's illegal use of floating mines. Our application of the doctrine of "continuous voyage" (i.e., the presump-

THE text of the American notes on the new phase of the "blockade" question agrees with the forecasts

tion that a cargo destined for a neutral port adjacent to the enemy's territory is really meant for the enemy's use) is justified by precedents from the American Civil War, and by the change in transport conditions due to the development of railways. How well-founded this suspicion really is, is shown by the fact that Denmark, which took no foreign lard, bacon, or pork, before the war, is now importing vast supplies, presumably for Germany.

* * *

THE gravest matter in the dispatch is its balanced but ominous dealing with the subject of German food supplies. It admits that our own tendency has always been to uphold the right of neutrals to supply the civil population of an enemy with food. But Germany is said to have developed an elaborate organization for the supply of her army with food through neutral ports. Moreover, the assumption by the German Government of control over the civilian food supplies breaks down the distinction between the army's and the people's needs. Bismarck is quoted as enunciating the principle that any such measure as the cutting off of food supplies, which aims at shortening the war, is justifiable. That was never our principle, but Sir Edward Grey hints that we may be compelled to adopt it, if the threat of the submarine war on commerce is carried out. One belligerent cannot be bound by rules if the other breaks them.

* * *

THE reverse which the Russians sustained at the end of last week in their withdrawal from East Prussia, was evidently serious, though it is not on the same scale as the early disaster to General Samsonoff. Von Hindenburg, who directed the operations, though he did not command on the spot, repeated his tactics at Tannenburg. A superior force of four corps, composed of older men and the new levies formed during the war, with officers drawn from the Western front, was rapidly assembled, and hurled against the Russians in the lake country in such a way as practically to surround them. They may have been surprised; at all events their retreat was undertaken too late to save them. The Germans claim 64,000 prisoners, 71 guns, 100 machine guns, and much material. The scheme of these German operations evidently aims at something more than the clearance of East Prussia. Russian territory has been invaded far to the north at Taurogen across the Niemen, a rear-guard action is going on at Augustowo, while far to the south, in the triangle between the Vistula and the Prussian frontier, the Germans have taken Plock, and the Russians are withdrawing. It looks like a threat to Warsaw from the North.

* * *

AT the other end of the long Russian line there has also been a set-back. The Russians are still doing well in the Western passes of the Carpathians, but their ability to use or hold these depends on their occupation of the lateral railway at the foot of the Northern slopes. This is threatened by the German advance through the Eastern passes. The heavy check inflicted last week by the Russians at Kosziowa and Wyszkow on the Germans and Austrians who crossed the Tucholka Pass, has not prevented the renewal of the attacks, but the Russians still hold their positions. On the other hand, the Austrian advance in the Bukowina continues, and the Russians have now entirely abandoned this province and withdrawn behind the Pruth. This does not threaten any vital line of Russian communications as yet, but the Russians will hardly be secure in Galicia, and still less will they be able to use it as a base

for the invasion of Hungary, until they can drive back the Austro-Germans from the Northern Carpathian slopes. The effect of these events on Roumania cannot fail to be unfortunate.

* * *

A LONG and detailed despatch from Sir John French covers the operations in Flanders from the end of November to the beginning of February. Though it records many fine actions by our troops, and praises all services, including the Territorials, it is not a document which can be read with unmitigated optimism. It attributes the impossibility of any considerable offensive mainly to the weather. Artillery, in the absence of reconnaissance by air-craft, cannot be used effectively during mist, nor can infantry make rapid rushes over fire-swept zones which are knee-deep in mud. The most serious operation described is the reverse caused by the loss of the long line of trenches held by Indians at Givenchy. Its initial cause was apparently some little rashness on the part of General Sir James Willcocks, who attacked instead of "demonstrating." This serious check was, however, completely retrieved, mainly by British troops, but only at the cost of hard and gallant fighting with very heavy losses.

* * *

TWO brilliant air raids, at a briefer interval and on a larger scale than ever before, have been this week the only salient event on the Western front. In the former raid last Friday, thirty-four British aeroplanes and seaplanes took part. They struck only at points of military importance, the railway stations at Ostend and Blankenberghe, the heavy guns at Middelkerke, and the mine-sweepers, mole, and Zeppelin sheds at Zeebrugge. Two machines only were damaged by the heavy German fire, and Mr. Grahame-White, who fell into the sea, was rescued. On Tuesday no fewer than forty air-craft, including eight French machines, flew over the same country to complete the work of the first raid. The French airmen destroyed the German aerodrome at Ghistelles, while the British craft again bombarded the mole of Zeebrugge, various gun positions, and the German barges and trawlers. The fighting in the Western trenches has again been uneventful. The French Chausseurs Alpins captured a hill in Alsace, near Hartmanns-weilerkopp, and the Germans have paid considerable attention to the lines defending Verdun. Our men have recaptured two sections near Ypres lost on Sunday. Each side claims small successes, but there has nowhere been any change of real importance.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL contributed on Monday a brilliant survey of the work of the Navy during the war, coupled with a significant hint as to its future development. He insisted on the Navy's complete preparation for war, on its small loss (our casualties are 5,500 men against about an equal number of Germans), and the excellence of its moral. ("It is as sound as a bell all through.") As a result of our victories in the Falkland Islands and off the Dogger Bank, we had frustrated the German plans for the destruction of our commerce and had proved our superiority in design, gunnery, speed, and general fighting power. As to the future, Germany now advocated a system of "open piracy and murder." Our retort must be an increase of naval pressure. Thus far we had not attempted to stop imports of food, but these immunities must now cease in favor of a State which put itself outside international obligations. Mr. Churchill did not specifically mention whether the new blockade would cover the import of cotton to Germany, as well as

her exports. As for possible losses from the new German policy, they implied no vital injury if our traders acted with spirit, and their material damage could be recovered by shipowners resorting to the Government's scheme of insurance.

* * *

THE discussion of the rising cost of living and the suggested remedies, adjourned last week, was resumed in the House of Commons on Wednesday. In the interval the Labor Party had received a mandate from a number of conferences held a week ago in most of the large towns, including London, at which trade unionists and representatives of Socialist and Co-operative Societies had pressed for the adoption of the proposals of the War Emergency Workers' National Committee. It was evident from the tone of the speeches at the conferences that there was general and rather angry disappointment with the result of the deliberations of the Cabinet Committee, as communicated in the Prime Minister's speech to the House of Commons. It was suggested by some speakers that the trade unions should declare the industrial truce at an end, and demand at once an increase of 2d. an hour in wages. Mr. Tootill, the new Member for Bolton, who opened the debate on Wednesday, put the converse of this argument. He said, with justice, that the working classes, notably the textile workers in Lancashire, had borne their losses with exemplary patience, and that it was the duty of the Government to see that their losses were not aggravated by the avarice of the interests that were exploiting the war.

* * *

THE farmers found a champion in Mr. Prothero, who denied that they were withholding produce from the market for reasons of greed; the real cause was the wet weather; wheat had to be kept in stacks to be dried by the March winds. The wages of agricultural labor had been raised 2s. a week. Mr. Anderson, in a maiden speech of great power, asserted that the purchasing power of the sovereign in a poor purse had fallen by five shillings since the outbreak of war, and that since 1900 the cost of living in Sheffield had risen by 11 per cent. and wages only by 5 per cent. The Government could at least control the price of a domestic product like coal.

* * *

MR. RUNCIMAN dealt ably with the difficulties of the Labor Party's policy; the supply of wheat came from a small number of markets, and there was a danger of frightening away supplies. In the case of coal, he argued that the great rise in price was peculiar to London, and he thought the efforts of the Railways Executive Committee to expedite the import of coal would have an immediate effect on the price. But shipping could not be controlled like the railways, for it was international. Higher prices could be compensated for by higher wages, and the Government had moved in this direction. Unfortunately, the farmers learned slowly. On this subject Mr. Austen Chamberlain made a vigorous declaration. The wages of agricultural laborers were too low; in some places they did not enable the laborer to preserve his physical efficiency. This vehement appeal was one of the chief features of the debate.

* * *

THE demand for the regulation of coal prices was re-enforced by Sir A. B. Markham, who asked the Government to issue a proclamation forbidding any colliery owner to sell coal at a price exceeding the price during the twelve months before the war by more than one or two shillings. If something were not done prices would rise still higher. Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Bathurst

supported this view, and Mr. Rowntree spoke strongly also on the importance of raising wages. Sir Harry Verney, speaking for the Government, promised an inquiry into the causes of the high price of coal, and announced that the Government were arranging that the Labor Exchanges and County Committees should work together to deal with the deficiency of agricultural labor. He added that the Government intended to look specially to the status and wages of the agricultural laborer, which means, we hope, that the Laborers' Union is to be called in to co-operate, and that the farmers are not merely to be helped to obtain labor on their own terms. Mr. Snowden blamed the Government rather bitterly. It was assumed that there was very general employment in the country, but this was not true of Blackburn, where 32 per cent. were unemployed, and those employed were only earning 75 per cent. of their normal earnings. Could not the Government co-operate with the Canadian Government to fix a price for wheat grown here and in Canada? With regard to wages, some use must be made of the Board of Trade.

* * *

THE "Daily News" published on Thursday an extract from an article that appeared on January 29th in the "Neue Zeit," the weekly organ of the German Social Democrats, from the pen of Herr Gustav Hoch, a Socialist member of the Reichstag. The writer declares that the time has come for a "really fruitful peace," and he combats the argument that Germany can only find an honorable and durable peace in a rectification of her frontiers. He himself lays down the following formula: "No conquests; no violation or subjection of any nation; free competition of all nations in foreign countries; an understanding for a peaceful solution of disputes between Governments, and a systematic limitation of armaments." Herr Hoch adds that these demands will be brought forward by the Socialists in the Reichstag next month. This article is a welcome sign that the Socialists mean to make their voices heard. These proposals are in general harmony with the proposals of the Socialists of Munich, who have demanded a *plébiscite* in all disputed territories, limitation of armies and navies, with international machinery for securing peace.

* * *

AN important conference between the Socialist parties of the three Allied Powers and Belgium was held in London on Sunday at which two Socialist Cabinet Ministers, MM. Sembat and Vandervelde were present. The principal resolution, after insisting that the war was prepared by a policy of aggressive colonial Imperialism for which all the Governments were in some degree responsible, went on to point out that the invasion of Belgium dealt such a blow to national and treaty rights that a German victory would mean the defeat of liberty in Europe. While insisting on the resolute prosecution of the war, they are determined that it shall not be transformed into a war of conquest, and they demand that, from Alsace to the Balkans, peoples annexed by force shall have the right to settle their own destinies. This suggestion of a *plébiscite* has already been put forward on the German side by a conference of South-German Socialists. The London resolutions concluded with a protest against the arrest of the Russian Socialist deputies and the oppression of the Finns, Jews, and Poles, whether by Germany or Russia. The effort to recover the impartiality of the broken "International" is the main feature of these resolutions.

Politics and Affairs.

THE SIEGE BY SEA.

No lover of his kind will witness without deep compunction the rapid inflammation of the character of the war. There is a paradox in the suggestion that men may kill each other without hatred, but it is true, and while it increases the absurdity of war, it seems almost to relieve it of the brand of Cain. The present psychology of the German people offers, we are afraid, small scope for comparatively crimeless slaughter. Fear plays a great part in it, and Germany's alarmed consciousness of the force of the unfamiliar weapon of sea-power. That weapon now assumes a keener edge. We are about, it seems, to proclaim a strict blockade of the German coasts. In other words, our cruisers will detain all ships which appear to be concerned with trade for or by Germans, whether for export or import. We suppose that such a method will include the stoppage of the trade in foodstuffs and in cotton. It implies a breach with the doctrine of "free ships free goods." It involves a practical suspension of the Declaration of London. But it is in the true nature of a naval blockade, and therefore in the line of international law. It will be effective. It involves no danger to lives, neutral or belligerent. It ought to imply a system of compensation to neutrals, and, we imagine, a readiness to purchase a great part of the stores we divert from German consumption. It must convey with it, and this is the point of German fear and anger, a measure of hardship in the future for Germany's civil population.

Compare this proceeding with Germany's. We proclaim a real blockade, without murder, in answer to her proclamation of a sham blockade, coupled with murder. Hitherto the case as between her and us has been entirely to our advantage in point of clemency. Sir Edward Grey's despatch shows that the German accusation of our stoppage of all food supplies is baseless. No one can read the statistics he produces as to the import from the United States to Denmark of bacon, lard, pork, and canned beef, without perceiving that they cover an immense illicit trade with Germany. It is hardly a secret that this commerce continues. Germany, therefore, has had her cotton free, such fractions of her food supply as she could show to be destined for her civil population, and a good deal of underhand carriage of them. On the other hand, her own behavior has always been open to question from the point of view of international law, for the simple reason that her weakness at sea has never permitted her to act in harmony with it. Sea-law and custom contemplate the stoppage or the capture under blockade of neutral or enemy merchant ships, regard their sinking as an improper extension of the right of search and detention, and utterly repel the notion of a right to sink at sight. Examine Germany's conduct in the light of these understandings. She began, not by capturing prizes, but by sinking them. She proceeded to scuttle British merchantmen without fulfilling more than one condition of such acts of war. She allowed their crews the bare minimum of time for escape, but made no attempt

to verify the character or rescue the papers of the ships she scuttled.

Her third development was one of pure piracy and murder. Acting entirely without notice, she has sunk traders and hospital ships, or attempted to sink them, offering no chance of life to their innocent crews and passengers. She has now formally proclaimed her intention to enlarge this policy of outlawry into a general war on merchant vessels, belligerent or neutral, within a blockaded or declared zone. This want of discrimination is, again, due to the fact that she is unable to enforce an "effective" blockade—that is to say, to offer any of the conditions which impel a neutral to respect her will. The limits of effectiveness are not clearly defined in international sea-law, but they are well understood. Germany cannot satisfy any one of them. She has no ships in the proper sense of the word. She has no power to hold for twenty-four hours the seas she encloses. Germany cannot "blockade" a single British port. She cannot give her operations a local habitation and a name. Her submarines can only haunt a stretch of water, as invisible engines of death, ready to deal a flying blow and then disappear, leaving it to the terror of neutrals and seafarers—not of armed men—to do the work of the physical besetting which international law alone recognizes. Thus she assumes the complete moral and intellectual outfit of the pirate, acts on his motives, and adopts his scheme of "war."

If this sketch of contrasts corresponds to the realities, we have hitherto maintained an immense advantage over Germany from the point of view both of moral and physical power. This advantage Germany is constrained to acknowledge in her labored reply to the American despatch. Because we have sea-power we can enforce the right we possess under international law to import munitions of war from neutral countries. Because she has not, she must strike furious and fugitive blows at all merchant vessels that come in the path of her score or so of submarines, without giving herself time even to discover the nationality to which they belong. Now this policy of hers brings about a change in ours. Tearing up every scrap of sea-law and custom, she proclaims a savage war on all the world. She thus puts herself out of court; the outlaw cannot grasp the horns of the altar. Our retort, therefore, is to put her in Coventry, to isolate her from the world of maritime commerce. If the effect of this were to create an internal situation which would bring the war to an end within the next few months or weeks, we should conclude that the act was a deed of mercy for the world. We only hesitate because we are not fully confident that this is a correct reading of the facts. Germany has clearly arrived at her second thought about the war. She calculated on a short campaign; she must now prepare for a long one, with no certain prospect of victory at the end. She has, therefore, taken the characteristic step of commandeering her food stocks and controlling their supply, obliterating the distinction between the army and the civilian population. Nominally, she distinguishes between the two by pretending to assign imported supplies to civilians. But this is an obvious blind. The imported supplies will go

to two great corporations—the Central Corn Purchasing Company, which is merely another name for the central office which caters for her armies, and the Prussian War Corn Company, the majority of whose directors are furnished by the State and the municipalities. Thus Germany has herself chosen to obliterate the distinction between food reserved for civilians and that destined for enemy forces, which Lord Salisbury set up, and Sir Edward Grey has respected. Our hands are free. We can, if we please, extend the practice of the land-siege of a city to that of a world-siege by sea, and follow Germany's example in regarding the beleaguered folk, fighting and non-fighting, as a single unit. Nevertheless, some important differences remain. The sea-siege involves a body of powerful neutrals; the land-siege concerns only the enemy forces and their dependents. The moral effect of beleaguering a town is swift, direct, and positive. Have we sufficient guarantees that when we apply the pressure of short commons to a vast and highly organized State like Germany we can do more than induce it to tighten its belt and fit itself for a prolonged and desperate resistance? We do not profess to answer that question dogmatically. But we should like to think that the Government had paused once and twice before claiming for the gigantic weapon of sea-power the full use to which German abandonment of law formally entitles it. A decision by force of arms is, of course, desirable. Will it not be reached before we can hope for a decision by force of siege pressure? A universal blockade of German imports and exports might conceivably be obtained without a general arrest of neutral supplies. But such discrimination will be a task of great difficulty, and if it is abandoned, we may be driven to exercise what our enemies and ill-wishers, or even our cooler friends, will call a dictatorship of the seas. "Better that than an interminable war," we shall be told. We agree. But better still the ending of the war without it.

THE TWO ENDS OF FINANCE.

WITHIN the last few days Parliament has been called upon to discuss grave financial problems of widely different dimensions. Mr. Lloyd George's advocacy of war loans for the Alliance stands at one end of the financial pole, the two serious debates upon the food-prices for the working-class consumers at the other. Both raise issues of great importance. But whereas the latter is rife with heated controversy, the former scarcely evokes a word of criticism. For at the outset of our great joint enterprise it was self-evident that, as Mr. George expressed it, "each country must bring all its resources into the common stock." This applies to money as to men. Russia has more men available for the struggle. Great Britain has more financial resources. But men cannot be equipped and moved and maintained for fighting purposes without money. Hence the financial part which this country is called upon to play is of paramount importance. Though France is also a rich country, with large realizable investments, the dislocation of her internal economy is far graver than ours. Hence the necessity of the arrangement announced this week, whereby the credit of this country is pledged to an in-

definite extent to assist the Allies—Russia in particular—in the purchase of stores from outside their own country.

Even for so rich a country as ours, able to pay for a war like this for five years out of our invested savings, such a pledge is a serious consideration. Russia in time of peace has been regarded as a somewhat reckless borrower, and has accustomed herself to the habit of paying interest on past loans by fresh borrowing. In time of war, unless some transformation of her financial methods occur, there will be danger of even heavier extravagance. Not only shall we have to find the lion's share of all advances made to Russia on this account, but Russia's nominally equal contribution to the so-called joint loan, by which the other present or prospective Allies, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, are to be assisted, must in reality be provided or guaranteed out of British credit. We have no hostile criticism to make upon this arrangement. But it is right for the nation clearly to recognize the magnitude of the burden it places upon our free disposal of our national resources, and the intimate bonds of a debtor and creditor kind it establishes hereafter between this country and Russia. In the long run it may turn out not unsatisfactorily. Russia has enormous natural and human potentialities, and we shall be compelled in our own interest to do everything we can to assist her after the war in developing them as rapidly as possible.

More immediately urgent are the practical issues raised by the recent rapid rise of prices of food and fuel. Mr. Asquith's speech last week, able and convincing as analysis and exposition, could hardly be expected to allay the sense of grievance among those large sections of the workers whose weekly incomes are no larger than before, and are also called upon to pay increased prices for their food, amounting to nearly 25 per cent. Mr. Asquith showed quite convincingly the economic inevitability of the rise of prices in view of the diminished supply available for our civil population. For the large figures of imports of food quoted for January show that a plentiful supply reaches this country, including an enormous quantity of stores for the army. But the slight nature of his suggestions for making this supply more rapidly available by improved facilities of sea and land transport, left many of his readers with a sense almost of despair. To those trades which are not helped by war expenditure, especially to those employing large number of low-waged male and female workers, the situation is terribly urgent. The weekly wage will not buy food enough to keep the family in health and physical efficiency, and at a time which more than any other calls for the full utilization of all the material and moral resources of the nation, they will be diminished by underfeeding.

Wednesday's debate, unsatisfactory as it doubtless seemed to the extreme Labor section, produced one very useful result, namely, an agreement on all sides of the House that a rise of wages was a proper immediate policy for meeting the emergency. The Labor proposal to fix maximum prices (the policy recently abandoned as impracticable by Germany) received little support. No real evidence has been forthcoming to show that corners or monopolies in food are operating in this country, or that

State-made lower prices might not actually reduce the quantity of grain and other commodities put upon the market. Fixing prices lower than the operation of economic laws permit does not encourage an increasing flow of food to pass along the ordinary trade channels. It would have a reverse tendency. To try to stop importers, or factors, or railroads, or retail dealers, from taking advantage of the short supply to make high charges, would not really secure its end; it would either cause food to flow elsewhere than to our shores, or it would give a larger price-pull to the farmer, or some earlier middleman in the process of bringing to market. The rise of price in foodstuffs is not, we think, to be termed "artificial." In the main, at any rate, it is the natural and necessary measure of the shortage of supply in relation to demand. There are hopes that at no distant date the prospects of increased supply will cause those who are quite properly husbanding their stocks against the possibility of worse shortage, to put them more freely on the market.

Until that happens, there are only two conceivable ways of dealing with the situation. One is the extreme measure of State compulsory purchase and distribution. In the last resort, in a blockaded country, as in a besieged city, this would be a necessary measure. Again, if it could be proved that a ring or corner of merchants in this country were holding up the price to magnify their profits, some such forcible intervention of the State would be proper. The case of coal-prices warrants an inquiry directed to the desirability of applying such a remedy, and we are glad to know that the Government propose an investigation into the London coal supply. Even in times of peace London and other great cities are liable to sudden exactions in the price of fuel, which suggest a powerful conspiracy of merchants. It may be true that the direct source of trouble in coal is the shortage of railway trucks and facilities due to Government demands in connection with the war, and the wasteful system of retailing to the poor consumer. But the public is certainly entitled to a clearer explanation than has yet been given of the enormously increased discrepancy between pit-prices and retail household prices. The proposal to fix retail prices for coal, or even to take over and distribute the coal supply, appears to us to stand on a different footing from any similar proposal to deal with foodstuffs, owing to the peculiar structure of the coal trade, and the fact that all the processes of getting and sending coal are within our national control.

But all these measures for regulating prices remain of dubious validity. The real effective remedy is to secure a corresponding rise of wages. This view received no more powerful support in the House than from the speech of Mr. Chamberlain, who was particularly urgent in pressing this obligation upon farmers, who are themselves doing so well out of the high prices the laborers are called upon to pay. But how can this desirable remedy be secured without delay? The extension of the Wage Boards throughout industry can hardly be considered an immediate policy, though there are many reasons for urging such extension. The most practical suggestions were contained in Mr. Rowntree's speech, pressing an immediate payment of a special

bonus upon wages, as a measure of war expediency to meet the temporary rise of prices. If the Government in all its central and local departments set the example, and imposed it upon all firms undertaking public contracts, it would be very difficult for private employers at large to resist an express appeal of the Government and the Opposition leaders to their sense of justice and public expediency. The pressure of public opinion would be overwhelming in support of this authoritative proposal for a war-bonus on wages, and we think even the most grasping of employers would recognize the desirability of granting it. We are aware that some such step has already been taken with regard to the railway-workers and some classes of public servants. What is wanted is a general policy applicable throughout our industries. This step, in our judgment, should not be confused with any proposal to raise ordinary wage-rates. For any such confusion would be likely to evoke opposition among employers, and to spoil the force of an appeal directed to the single purpose of protecting the lives and efficiency of the workers and their families against the crushing cost of war

THE TASK OF GERMAN DEMOCRACY.

SOUTHEY once wrote to Lord Shaftesbury that a friend of his, being taken over a Yorkshire factory, noticed that the children looked extremely delicate, and that when he remarked on this to the manufacturer, the manufacturer replied that they were consumptive, that a great proportion of them never reached the age of twenty, and that this was owing to the "flew" with which the air was always filled. "He spoke of this," said Southey, "with as little compunction as a general would calculate the probable consumption of lives in a campaign. A general may do this, under—even a righteous—sense of duty; but I know not where the love of gain appears in more undisguised deformity than in a cotton-mill."

The indifference to the sufferings of children which delayed so long the introduction of effective factory laws was of course an extreme illustration of the spirit in which the educated classes regarded the mass of the proletariat during the early stages of the industrial revolution. The capitalist system was the great source of wealth and power to a nation, and every consideration must be subordinated to its needs. Men, women, and children were not thought of as persons with any claims of their own upon life; it was their place to serve their great master and to obey its laws. Windham, a shrewd critic of his own class, declared that many of them were apt to suppose that the common people had no other business except to work, eat, and sleep, and this view was reflected in the general dread of allowing the working classes any leisure or any rival interest in life. To every proposal the same test was applied: Would it make a man a more regular and docile hand? If it tended to distract him, to tempt him from his work, to encourage him to think about politics or his grievances, to give him any new interest or occupation for his mind, it was vicious. Education would make him discontented; amusements would take him from the mill; politics would

make him insubordinate. And as the capitalist system was the creator of national wealth, and therefore the source of such happiness as any people could find in life, any course that tended to make men and women less useful instruments would ultimately bring ruin and misery upon them.

It is easy to understand how this view produced a generation that was callous and insensitive to all the larger and more generous impulses of life and civilization. Under the reign of a system that grouped all the interests of a community round this single idea, no scope could be found for the emotions and the imaginations of the mass of toilers, and politicians asked about them, not what their minds demanded, or what they had a right to expect, but how best they could be adapted to this simple and narrow routine. But at first sight it might seem strange that statesmen took no care for the health and physique of this race of workers. Libraries, schools, theatres, picture galleries might seem dangerous superfluities; but was it not necessary to have sanitary and decently built towns, rather than the great collections of hovels that invited death and disease? Might not the capitalists' army otherwise waste away? Unhappily, those were the days when everybody who cared for his reputation as a thinker talked of the population theory of Malthus, believed that the danger was not of a deficiency, but of an excess of numbers, and that vice and misery were Nature's remedies for an evil that would otherwise devour mankind. There was no fear that this breed of slaves would give out, and the doctrine of enlightened self-interest by which philosophers explained the wonderful operations of the industrial system, was a guarantee that the masters would not allow the health of their workpeople to decline below the point at which their efficiency would suffer.

At first sight it might seem that the most complete contrast to this civilization is provided in the provident and active care with which life and health and education are protected in modern Germany. Manchester in 1830 and Hamburg in 1915 might stand for two fundamentally opposite views of the obligations of the State to the citizen. Under one system human life is squandered; under the other it is fostered and tended. In the one case everything is left to the enlightened selfishness of the jerrybuilder, and in the other the public authority arranges and prepares and organizes. In the one case the future is the prize of the speculator; in the other the community lays its new frontiers and marks out its new suburbs. As with town-planning, so with the building of streets and of houses, so with public health, so with education. During the industrial revolution, the State could not do too little; in Germany it cannot do too much. It is, indeed, to German examples that our municipal reformers turn when they want to show what can be done by public enterprise and public vigilance to make the lives of men and women who are massed in great cities healthier, more decent, less squalid and uncomfortable. To Treitschke himself, with all his bitter dread of Socialism, the levity with which our forefathers flung the mass of the people to the mercy of the capitalist was a public catastrophe.

But when we look beneath the surface of modern

German civilization we see that it presents the same fundamental fallacy as the brutal civilization of our commercial mania. The German State looks after the poor man; our commercial State neglected him. But in both cases there is the same underlying refusal to think of him except as the instrument of a system. If the early economists thought of him as the instrument of the capitalist, the modern German thinks of him as the instrument of the fighting State. His health, his home, his education, are of importance, but only because they affect his efficiency as a soldier; they are of importance in the sense that the small copyholder was of importance to the Tudor State. The economist thought of him as the laborer; the German thinks of him as the soldier. Now, in itself, it was better to be a copyholder in a society that listened to Bacon on the importance of preserving a race of hardy men, than to be a commoner or a hand-loom weaver in a society that took its philosophy from Malthus and Ricardo. But the German concentration leaves a man as little of a citizen as did the concentration of the industrialists. This is clear to anyone who reads Mr. Dawson's latest book ("What is Wrong With Germany?" By W. H. Dawson. Longmans). Everything is subordinated to it. Parliamentary institutions have no weight or value in comparison, as the whole world saw in the case of Zabern. It is not Parliaments, but armies, that matter. Parliaments may talk, but the army need not listen. This spirit imposes all the rigid class distinctions that are of such significance in German life, and it explains the Prussian passion for regulation, coercion, and discipline. A German has given a good account of it: "The institution of the police may be excellent for our nation, but we are in danger of being suffocated by all the love and care bestowed on us. Who can be sure, as he lays himself down to sleep at night, that he is not transgressing some police regulation or other? From the cradle to the grave, law, justice, and the police accompany us at every step; nay, they look after us both for a few weeks before our birth, and a few weeks after our death." The same motive that makes the State insure the workman and consider his health and housing, makes the State refuse him the rights of free speech and any power over the affairs of the national life: he is never allowed to forget that he owes obedience—even in his thoughts—to the ruling caste. We may say of the whole of German life that it is ordered and regulated on the principle Prince Bülow laid down when he said that "every State department should be organized as if war were going to break out to-morrow." Germany is a military State, and that fact governs all the relations of social life and the claims of personal freedom. The statesman asks about the German workman, not what he should expect as a citizen, but what is necessary to make him a good and obedient soldier, ready to shoot foreign enemies, but ready also, as the Kaiser has told him, to shoot his own parents if the autocrat requires it.

We know what a terrible legacy the old industrial fallacy has been to ourselves, and how slightly and slowly it has been modified by the formal advances of democracy. We are still struggling with that spirit, and any strike or any industrial debate will show how vigorously it survives in many quarters. It is idle, therefore, to flatter ourselves that mere political

changes—even so great a change as the change to responsible government—will abolish the fundamental obstacle to democracy which is created by the German conception of the ends and aims of a State. Germany has spent all her vast resources of skill, science, industry, and organization on making the model military state, exhibiting the military virtues of discipline and order as developed in the Prussian spirit of caste. From that conception to the conception of the State as a society of free men and women is a long march, but until the German people set out on it, the outlook is dark for Europe.

THE RUSSIAN SET-BACK.

THROUGH the long months of stalemate in the West, we have often been disposed to look to the East with hope, as the quarter in which action and drama might be expected. Here, at least, there have always been free spaces, and armies which actually moved. It is true that there has been plenty of action in the East, but it has an unpleasant way of reminding us of that ancient physical maxim of our school-days, which said that action and reaction are equal and opposite. Twice the Russians have invaded East Prussia, and twice they have been repulsed. Thrice the Germans invaded Poland, and twice they were repulsed. Even in the Carpathians, the Russians are fighting to-day for routes which they had won once already, before autumn had come. If the East is the region of drama, it is also the region of uncertainty. The repetition of the Russian reverse in East Prussia is depressing, just because it suggests that the former mishap was not purely accidental. We had supposed that General Samsonoff was simply surprised at Tannenburg, and if that suggested carelessness, it was presumably a mishap which would not be renewed. Surprise is probably not the accurate word for what really happened on either occasion. It is probably more correct to say that the Russians were overtaken and outmanœuvred by an enemy whose power of organization and admirable communications will often give him the chance of repeating this kind of success. If it is true that the German troops were of the second and third line, older men and freshly trained youths, their exploit is all the more remarkable, for it depended on rapid marching under the most difficult climatic conditions. The mere loss of men (it is said to amount to 64,000 prisoners, with a surprisingly small proportion of guns) is not for the Russians the most serious aspect of this affair. They have plenty of men; it is rather equipment which they lack. What is serious is the demonstration of certain deficiencies, partly perhaps in leadership, and still more in material resources, which seem to make the prospect of their undertaking a serious aggressive against the Germans rather distant. They have not yet compelled the Germans to send against them at any point, any large proportion of their first-line troops. The Russian superiority over the Austrians has been abundantly demonstrated. But between the quality of the two allied armies there is a very wide gap.

This new situation on the North of the Russian lines has once more shifted the centre of gravity of the campaign. We had all of us ceased to be uneasy about

Warsaw. It evidently could not be carried by a direct advance from the south-west, and the German lines had halted within thirty miles of it, as they halted in front of Paris. But the German success in East Prussia renders possible a return to the original plan of campaign. When von Hindenburg planned his third advance on Warsaw he did not rely solely on his two routes to the west of the Vistula. There was a third movement downwards from East Prussia, along the direct road from Mlawa to Warsaw. It never went very far, and was not seriously pressed. But with the Russians everywhere in retirement in this area, the threat to Warsaw may now be renewed from the right bank of the Vistula. The rather important town of Plock has been taken already by the Germans, and this may portend an effort to advance on Warsaw along both banks of the Vistula. The main question is, however, whether the Russians can hold their defensive positions on the Niemen, as they held them once before, against the former German advance. It is probable that they can, for the rapidly improvised German advance in East Prussia may not be strong in heavy artillery. History may repeat itself here also, and the Russians may well hope to take their revenge on the victors in their own territory, as they did after Tannenburg. They have every motive for a steady defence, for if the Germans could carry the Niemen lines it would be comparatively easy for them to strike downwards behind Warsaw, and cut its vital communications with the Russian interior. If one may reason from the past to the future, there is no reason for alarm. The German offensive, formidable, surprising, and imposing in its initial stages, has never yet reached its goal. The Russian offensive has more than once collapsed with a rather disconcerting suddenness. But the Russian defensive has invariably been obstinate, imperturbable, and, in the long run, successful.

The renewed struggle for Warsaw, fought out over a much larger area than earlier efforts, may continue for some weeks. Meanwhile, it would be sanguine to expect that the Russians can do more than hold their own in Galicia. The two areas are isolated, and have little interaction on each other. But if the Russians have a strategical reserve, ready or nearly ready, they may not now be able to spare much of it for the Carpathian campaign. The usual tussle between German energy and Russian steadiness is going on there, and this week it has not gone so well as we could wish. The Germans or Austro-Germans are working dangerously near to the Russian lateral lines of communication, and so long as they advance northward from the eastern passes of the Carpathians, the Russians can make no use of their better success in the western passes. On the whole, we are afraid that the conclusion is that little reliance can be placed on the efficacy of Russian pressure for a long time to come. Mr. Belloc thinks that the aspect of the eastern campaign may begin to change in March, when the re-opening of the port of Archangel once more permits the entry of equipment and supplies from the Western Allies. The inability of Russia to manufacture for her own needs is probably one of the chief reasons for her delay in utilizing her immense resources of men.

The moral is, we think, that for a decisive change

in the fortunes of the campaign we must look to the West. A military machine which has the open sea and a great industrial civilization behind it can accumulate the resources for a big effort, as a more primitive and isolated social structure cannot. With Sir John French's despatch before us, it is possible to measure the magnitude of the necessary transformation. There is much in it that makes for encouragement—the proof, above all, of the sterling quality of our armies. But the narrative of the fighting at Givenchy means also this—that as yet all this gallantry and all this technical efficiency are only just equal to the task of holding the existing lines. We have new formations already coming up, and more to follow. But the East Prussian exploit means that the Germans on their side have something equivalent to a "Kitchener's army" ready for use. These new formations, improvised since the war began, drove the Russians from German soil. We must be prepared to learn that as our new armies reach France, something of the same kind, though probably not quite of the same quality, will be assembled to meet them. The event in this war turns now on three factors: (1) Our power to bring largely superior numbers to bear upon the Western front; (2) our ability by material contributions to equip the latent resources of Russia in human material; (3) the slow maritime pressure on Germany's warlike stores and food supplies. We must face the elementary fact that an indecisive military issue would mean an indecisive settlement.

A London Diary.

WHAT is the truth as to the attitude of the German Socialist Party to the war? Probably it is governed by some such considerations as these: There may have been some pre-war understanding with the German Government. The story goes that this was concluded, informally, some six months before the war. The Socialists were then told that the Government anticipated that they would have to fight a defensive campaign against Russia in the summer. A defensive campaign announced and prepared for beforehand looks uncommonly like an offensive war; but the suggestion may well have passed muster with a German critic. In return, the Socialists were promised, as Herr Hirsch's speech indicates, a general democratic suffrage. It would seem as if the Socialists had delivered their goods, but not the German Government. Does that alter the situation? Hardly. The Socialists may well think that their chance will come after the war, and that they will best present their demand for a new Constitution as a party of war-patriots rather than of national dissidents. Obviously, the calculation does not presuppose a successful ending. Do many thoughtful Germans allow for that?

No one here I think quite realizes how strongly American opinion is with us on the main issues of the war. But on one point of internal administration it is much more sharply pronounced than our own. That is, in its contempt for the Censorship, which lately, by the way, has occupied itself with pitilessly doctoring the very informing Washington messages to the "Times."

America cannot understand why our press submits to a control at once so futile and unintelligent, and contrasts its own outspoken journalism in the period of the Civil War. It understands neither its suppression of bad news, nor its interference with criticism. Especially does it wonder that the errors and even scandals incident to the organization of the new armies have never been properly ventilated.

On this I am afraid a good many chapters of belated history will one day be written. The returns of disease in the armies abroad and at home, show in what a heavy toll of death and sickness we have paid for carelessness in choosing the sites for camps against all the laws of nature and commonsense. And, as for organization, good as the main results have been, our directors have given the uncensored gods some food for laughter. I hear, for example, of the proceedings of a certain officers' training corps, composed mainly of professional men, many of whom have made great sacrifices of position in order to serve their country. The Colonel and the Major of this corps are old men, who are not even professional soldiers. Among the tasks they have set their patients (there is no other word) are peeling potatoes, lighting fires, or carrying messages. Is it treason to remark that a system of competent military management is the first part of the equipment of an officers' training corps?

I HEAR a very interesting account of the Battle of the Falkland Islands from one who took part in it. The action was opened by the "Canopus," which was moored in a port of East Falkland Island, and let off her 12-inch guns on the approach of the enemy at the distance of five miles. The Germans at once sheered off, and time was given to get the British squadron out of harbor. The Germans had no idea that battle-cruisers were against them, and imagined that they had to do with only our light cruisers. They, however, decided to approach the islands and attack our ships while they were at anchor. The British fleet was led by the "Invincible" at the speed of 20 knots; among the flags she flew a silk ensign at her mainmast head, a present from Carnarvon. The day was calm, and so clear that there was no hope for the escape of the enemy's bigger ships. But they moved off at full speed with our lighter boats in pursuit. Their fire, when overtaken, was very accurate, but the range was too long for serious damage. The two battle-cruisers had only one man killed between them. In a couple of hours the battle-cruisers had come into action, and swiftly wore down the German resistance. In another hour the "Scharnhorst" had listed heavily to port and gone down, while the speed of the "Gneisenau" was greatly reduced. A little before six (nearly five hours after the opening of the action) she turned a circle, listed heavily to starboard, and sank in a minute. Only seven men were killed on our seven ships.

DR. CHEYNE was something of an "enfant terrible" to the old type of traditionalist scholar and commentator, and when he used to preach at Rochester Cathedral, of

which he was a Canon, the late Dean had such a horror of his opinions that he walked out of church when Cheyne ascended the steps of the pulpit. In his later years he lost the confidence of Hebraists who are as much emancipated from traditional opinions as he was himself, owing to his advocacy of a theory that the Israelites were never in Egypt at all. According to Cheyne they inhabited North Arabia before they entered Canaan, and their persecutors were not the Egyptians but an Ishmaelite tribe, devoted worshippers of the god "Jerahmeel." Little reference is made to this mystic tribe in the pages of the Old Testament, but Dr. Cheyne always insisted that this was because the text of the Hebrew Scriptures had been tampered with. In fact, he once said to me that the chief task of Hebrew scholarship was to work at the Hebrew text of the Bible. He did a good deal in this direction himself, but his emendations were in many cases too obviously determined by his Jerahmeelite theory. Despite its advocacy he was a great scholar—one of the few divines of the English Church who has a name outside its borders. His radical views on Biblical criticism were combined with a deep strain of sincere and reserved piety, resting on an inward faith in the purpose at the heart of things.

In his dispatch published on Tuesday, Sir John French writes:—

"I regard it as most unfortunate that circumstances have prevented any account of many splendid instances of courage and endurance, in the face of almost unparalleled hardship and fatigue in war, coming regularly to the knowledge of the public."

Perhaps, on this account, Lord Kitchener has to some extent relaxed his resolve to exclude war correspondents from the campaign. Or it may be that our War Office has been driven to emulate the politeness of the French Ministère de la Guerre, which has already sent two parties of international correspondents, including several Englishmen, on short visits to scenes of great military interest. At all events, fifteen of the correspondents selected at the beginning of the war are at last to be allowed to go out in batches of five at a time. Who should send first was left to the decision of a body of journalists and newspaper proprietors, and, in hopes of avoiding jealousies, they agreed that the four penny papers—the "Times," "Daily Telegraph," "Morning Post," and "Standard"—should have the privilege, together with a representative of Reuter's. But I understand that the leading halfpenny papers are sharing the results. It seems that the day of the real war correspondent ended in South Africa and will never return. But possibly these little excursions will be just better than nothing at all.

HERE is an addition to the many reports of the fraternization between the British and the Saxon troops. A young officer tells me that before leaving the trenches and being replaced by Prussians, the Saxons raised a shout of "Was you fed up with the war as much as we was?" I was not told what (if any) was the scandalized response.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"L'HOMME."

"WHY are you here, my child?" said a voice beside the captain, who was dozing over the fire in a ruined house.

"I am here, Sire," replied the captain, "because the place for an officer of France is on the battlefield."

"That's what I thought," said the voice; "but where's your battlefield?"

"Three miles out of three hundred lie before you, Sire," the captain answered.

The figure climbed noiselessly the heap of bricks which had once been a side of the house, and looked out into the surrounding darkness. Storm clouds that showed a glimpse of moonlight now and then moved over the sky, and from below the clouds were lit with sudden flickers, ceaseless as the lightning of a tropical thunderstorm. From end to end of the wide horizon the flicker of those lightnings shone, and the boom or crash of their thunder never stopped.

"Guns!" said the voice; "enormous guns! Hundreds on hundreds of guns! Batter the front till you feel the weak point of their line. Smash it with guns. Pound it with a hundred guns pounding together. Plunge your cavalry into the bloody gap. Pour up your infantry, column by column. Hold Murat in check till they shake. He sweeps round their flanks a tornado of swords. It is over. In six hours from dawn it is over, and Europe is subdued."

"Sire, the enemy has no flanks," said the captain.

"Then you must make them," said the voice.

"The numbers are too vast," the captain answered.

"The battle extends from the sea to the Alps. From the first dawn it has lasted four months almost unchanged. Half Europe fights half Europe, and neither is subdued. The enemy stands on the defensive. He has huge guns, barbed wire, star shell, aeroplanes, and two million men entrenched."

"The defensive is always defeated," said the voice. "The general who digs himself in is lost already."

"Sire, we also stand on the defensive," the captain replied. "We also have huge guns, barbed wire, star shell, aeroplanes, and two million men entrenched. If we or the enemy advance half a mile, it is called a victory like Austerlitz."

"Has mankind, then, become a mole, or a bird?" said the voice; "And who is the enemy of my France?"

In few words the captain told the history of the war, its origins, and its course, while outside the lightning of the guns flickered upon the night.

"Those Hohenzollerns!" cried the voice; "I ought to have dethroned them at Tilsit. I often said so. I ought to have swept away all those old dynasties at Tilsit. I knew the Hohenzollerns would live to plague us. They inherit brains as well as thrones. That old Frederick—what a man! He might have conquered the world like me, but for his flute and his poetry."

"The present Hohenzollern, Sire, is the cleverest since Frederick," said the captain. "He also speaks with authority on painting, poetry, and theology."

"The first rule of war," replied the voice, "is never to divide your forces. The rule of life is the same."

"Yet, Sire, you yourself organized an Empire, you legislated, you made love, you discussed philosophy, you cultivated art, you divided your mind."

"I had enough mind to divide," said the voice; and it presently continued: "Yes, I knew the danger. They're a tough people, those Prussians. I destroyed

their army at Jena, and so created Prussian militarism, as you called it. Within seven years that pretty nearly destroyed me. And now there is Austria in addition. I should have destroyed Austria as well—wiped her out, together with her Holy Roman Empire. I ought to have made separate nations of Hungary and Bohemia. I often said so, when it was too late. No one should put his trust on Austria. I put my trust on Austria, else I should never have gone to Moscow. I let politics distort generalship. That Marie Louise! She did her best. She gave me hope of dynasty. But in politics, she was a clothes-prop!"

He gazed out upon the flickering darkness, where the thunder of the guns never stopped.

"You, too, have allowed politics to distort generalship," he cried, facing round upon the captain. "Why was that great army plunging about in Lorraine just at the vital moment—just at the beginning of the war, in August, as soon as you could move? Why was that other army dashing across the frontier far away in South Alsace?"

"No doubt, Castelnau and the other generals acted under Government orders," replied the captain. "The Provinces! We must deliver the ravished Provinces!"

"No general has the right to shelter his mistakes under cover of his Government's orders," said the voice, with extraordinary passion. "If the general doesn't approve the plan, he must defy the Government or resign. Never do what the enemy wishes you to do. That's another maxim. The enemy hoped those Provinces would beguile you. The Provinces! It was on the Belgian frontier the Provinces were to be delivered. Did you suppose the enemy would have risked the pressure of England's fleet by breaking Belgium's neutrality unless he had long resolved to strike his first and deadliest blow through Belgium? In the first week of war your armies should have stood on the frontier beside Liège instead of concentrating to rescue those Provinces, like a sentimental knight messng about after a woman. The strength of an army is estimated by multiplying its mass by its rapidity. Where was the mass? Where was the rapidity? Our enemy possessed them both."

"And yet, Sire," pleaded the captain, "at the last moment we saved from desecration your tomb beside the banks of the Seine."

"That was a great stroke," replied the voice, becoming calm again; "the greatest in the war you have described. You concentrated a superior force at a decisive point. The whole art of war lies just in that. You compelled the enemy to a flank march across the front of an army in position. Nothing is so rash, nothing so contrary to all principle of warfare as such a march. I should have annihilated him. He should never have got back to the prepared entrenchments—never have dug himself in. I should have wiped him out above ground. We should have been saved such a scene as this."

Again he turned to the flicker and booming of the guns over the wide and soaking level.

"And so you have the English with you now," he went on; "the English and the Russians—the two peoples who ensured my ruin! Call no man an enemy, for in a year or two you may embrace him. And friendship—what is friendship? Politics are friendship, just as politics are fate. They're a queer people, those English! They make up for want of genius by persistency. Paoli called them a nation of shopkeepers, but there's more in them than shop. You remember what I said of them, even after they clamped me to that rock. I said the English character stands higher than ours. They emigrate, they

marry, they kill themselves, with less indecision than ours show in going to a theatre. If I had commanded an English army I should have conquered the Universe. I said so. Even after Waterloo, not a soldier would have deserted me, not a vote would have been cast for my deposition. If I could have landed in England, even as a prisoner, I should have won all hearts. They're a queer people. They have fortitude, which is better than courage. They extract a grandeur from stupidity."

"Sire," said the captain, "you were supreme in foresight as in command, but much has changed. The English have become gay, excitable, clever. We French have grown calm and almost silent. We seldom laugh. We are indifferent to rhetoric. We never gesticulate. We live in the open air, and cultivate athletics. We have gained fortitude. Misery has taught us. It is to us you might now turn with confidence, though you would not gain our hearts. All our hearts are yours already."

The figure took the captain by the ear, and pulled it playfully to and fro.

"My child," he said, "I took France to my bosom and kept her warm. The warmth remains, but as I lie year after year in the silence, do you think I have nothing to reproach myself with? Do I not regret the errors that involved our country? Make me thirty again—thirty or thirty-five! Call me again the Revolution Incarnate, as once I was called! Put me at the head of your two million Frenchmen, whom my very name inspires to achieve the impossible. In all the battles I have won, I myself counted for half. One needs a great cause 'pour se faire tuer.' I am cause enough. Make me again the Revolution Incarnate! Again we advance to sweep away the decrepitude of Courts. Incapacity shakes. Ante-chambers lie vacant. Bureaucrats tremble and depart. We proclaim the people. We announce careers open to talent. We fight that the wars of kings and emperors and diplomatists may cease to torment the world. Unfurl the eagles! The enemy has no flanks? We will give him two—one on each side of us as we split his line. Losses? What is the loss of half a million men to a man like me? Are there no women left in France to make it good? If Europe wants scavenging of her antiquated nonsense once again, by the name of God she shall be scavenged!"

The captain gazed, lost in amazement. At the cry, "Unfurl the eagles!" that little figure filled the heavens. Mouldering standards waved around his head. The air resounded with the blast of trumpets and the tramp of embattled hosts. Kings and foreign ministers of the world came trooping to fall prostrate before the symbolized power of France renewed in youth and hope.

In quiet and smiling tones, the voice resumed: "Forgive the neighing of an old war-horse, my son. I was forgetting that rhetoric has no more power. But remember me to France. Perhaps the only thing she needs for victory is myself!"

The captain continued to stare into the darkness, where deadly lightning still flickered above the trenches, and the boom of vast explosives never ceased.

KILLING FOR FUN.

We have chanced during these months of war to discover a new method of travelling. It is instructive to be oneself the stranger who walks in a new country with a friendly native for guide. It is, perhaps, even more instructive to be oneself the native and conduct an observant foreigner through one's own familiar fields. There is a stretch of country in Hertfordshire which we thought we knew. We can tell where the rare sun-roses

fringe the field beside the hedge. We know in which wood the ground will soon be azure with hyacinths. We know as personal friends the great beech tree and the perfect oak. From this knoll we look for the spires of Hertford town, and at each turn in the path we anticipate, now the first view of a graceful Elizabethan manor, or, again, the parti-colored thatch of the ruined cottages which may have seen the Restoration. The woods and the solitudes had become our pleasure, and we had never tried to imagine them other than they are. We set out on this five-mile walk on a frosty Sunday morning with a Belgian guest. She is a country-woman, and for some time we amused each other by exchanging the names for plants and trees in Flemish and English. To our disappointment she was not much impressed by the beauties of the scene. It was its desolation which struck her. Two children met us half-way in our walk, and she remarked that they were the first human beings that we had met. She inquired the date of the few cottages and farms that we passed. Their architecture was usually legible enough. Some were Georgian, some Regency, and not more than two could be plausibly assigned to the last half-century. At last we reached an open space, and stood to watch the gorse bursting into flower. A look of indignation came into her face, and she exclaimed against the wastefulness that had forbore to cultivate it. "If there were a space like that in Belgium," she declared, "all the peasants of the countryside would gather with their spades and dig it up by main force." We began to try to reckon how many human beings found a living on the ground we had covered in our morning's walk. We had been skirting all the while a great plantation fenced about with warning notices and decorated with the gibbets on which game-keepers hang the mouldering bodies of their dead enemies. The plantation was populous enough. It was alive with pheasants. We passed the ruined cottages, and wondered to what colony or slum their last inhabitants had migrated. In the village, as we neared the end of our walk, a living creature met us and greeted us. He was a foxhound puppy, put out to board. The demonstration of English rural economics seemed complete.

For a century or more English "humanitarians" have been directing their attacks upon the cruelty of our national blood-sports. The moral argument is all with them. The anachronism of this survival and cultivation of the most primitive instinct of prehistoric man has grown with each decade more glaring. The number of normal people who care to defend, at all events the harsher of these killing-games, becomes each year steadily less. From Coleridge and Wordsworth to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's eloquent "Satan Absolved," generations of poets have made their protest against the wanton slaughter of wild life. The progress of public opinion fails none the less to register itself in any decline of these sports. On the contrary, the countryside, at all events in the home counties, reflects year by year the desolating growth of sport at the expense of agriculture. It is possible that the "humanitarians" have been unduly absorbed in their frontal attack. This gigantic organization of pleasure has been allowed to upset the normal economy of country life, and the mischief has gone so far that it would call for regulation, perhaps for abolition, even if the central pleasure of killing round which the whole system turns, were not a mere perpetuation of a savage instinct. One is glad to find that in the comprehensive broadside ("Killing for Sport," Bell) which the Humanitarian League has just aimed at every form of cruel sport, it has not omitted to use the heavy guns of economic argument. Mr. Shaw's spirited preface is directed solely

to the ethics of the question, but Mr. Edward Carpenter and others deal elaborately with the waste which the pastime of slaughter involves, with the mischief which it works to agriculture, with its depressing effect on good forestry, but above all on the main fact that it is probably in the interest mainly of game-preservation and fox-hunting that the landed class opposes its passive resistance to the small-holder. If these sports were innocent, it would be a sufficient indictment of them to point to their effect in limiting the numbers of the peasantry that the land can feed, and in reducing so great a proportion to parasitic and unproductive labor. We remembered, as we tramped over our beautiful Hertfordshire desert, the calculation of Prince Kropotkin, that if the soil in England were used as it is used in Belgium, it would produce nearly twice the food supplies which it yields at present, even without intensive cultivation. The figures had long been familiar to us, but they had seemed abstract and unreal until we saw the indignation of a Belgian country-woman at the sight of our coppices and coverts.

The truth is, we suspect, that these sports survive solely because fashion is behind them. Society begins by breaking children in to a game of killing before their minds act independently. It smears the blood of the dead fox or mutilated otter on the cheek of the little boy or girl who is in at the death for the first time. It goes on at Eton, half-a-century after Arnold abolished it at Rugby, to accustom him to the callous fun of the hare-hunt. It heaps all the while its chains of good form and acquiescence upon his mind, until in the end he would rather be guilty of treason to the realm than question any accepted social usage. It bolsters the whole system with a set of lazy fallacies, which hardly deserve the labor of an exposure. Vermin must be killed, and therefore we—preserve it. Our manhood must be exercised, and therefore sport is organized until it involves the minimum of risk and skill and fatigue. We were inclined to agree with Mr. Shaw's direct hard-hitting preface, that the case against blood-sports rests more on the demoralization which they cause in the sportsman than on the suffering which they involve to his quarry, until we had read the book itself. Its authors, examining each sport in detail, are at pains to remove the agreeable illusion that it is on the whole a swift and easy death that the sportsman inflicts. He maims more than he kills, and the creatures which give him the best sport, are precisely those that die hardest, after the longest struggle with terror and exhaustion. The aesthetic case, to our thinking, is strong enough. "There is," as Mr. Shaw puts it, "an unbearable stupidity in converting an interesting, amusing, prettily colored live wonder like a pheasant into a slovenly unhandsome corpse." The sportsman who really has drifted into the habit of killing because he had a certain interest in the creatures that he slaughtered, is to-day without excuse. The camera has replaced the gun as the instrument of the true naturalist, and whether he is fortunate enough to use it in tropical Africa or can only stalk his subjects with it in our own woods, he has here at once a method of study and a form of sport incomparably more interesting than killing. One may heap up the arguments against blood-sports, all of them valid. If these sports fail to demoralize their votaries, it is only because their minds have ceased to work upon the real meaning of what they do, and the mind that shrinks from facing its own acts commits the unpardonable sin. They inflict pain, and they destroy what is usually beautiful and often rare. But the central argument against blood-sports is, to our

thinking, their essential frivolity. Killing is often necessary, and one does not pause to justify it when the motive is adequate. The condemnation of the sportsman is that he kills for nothing better than his own amusement.

Contemporaries.

PRINCESS MATHILDE.

At this troubled hour, when tame records of contemporary biography are a burden to readers waiting for news from the trenches or the fleet, the most preoccupied may read with pleasure memoirs which revive echoes of the last war which turned all Europe into a battlefield. The life of the Princess Mathilde was not spent in camps, though her early days were passed in exile as a penalty for the ruthless warfare of her great kinsman. So, amid the renewed sounds of battle in the centenary of the final fall of Napoleon, it is interesting to follow the career of the last of the second generation of the Bonapartes, who was born when her uncle was still expiating his ambition on the rock of Saint Helena, and who brought into the twentieth century the undiluted tradition of the Napoleonic legend.

"The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte," by Mr. Philip W. Sergeant (Stanley Paul), is a good compilation. The author has industriously read much that her friends—or her enemies—wrote about her, from the Goncourts and Sainte-Beuve to Viel Castel, whose sumptuous and infamous volumes are before me with the inscription on the title-page, "Chez tous les libraires," and the mark of a Swiss printer, as no French publisher would own them. Mr. Sergeant has woven together his excerpts with skill. He rarely digresses from the central figure, whom he well portrays. His inaccuracies, except those adopted from the Frenchmen whom he quotes, are few, although the book begins and ends with a serious error of date. On the cover, dated February, 1915, it is said that "the Princess died only ten years ago," and at the end that, "in the summer of 1904 she went as usual to Saint Gratien." But in January, 1904, she had made her last journey thither in a funeral car. The omissions in the book are due to the limitations of the authors quoted. From "L'Oncle Fesch," the Cardinal, born in 1763, to Nadaud, the *chansonnier* of the Second Empire, there are a number of the Princess's intimates whose names are missing. The translations are well done, and Mr. Sergeant shows so much talent in constructing a narrative that he might try his hand on the lost art of biography drawn from original sources.

The stories and appreciations of the Princess in these pages having been published long ago, I will try to supplement them with a few reminiscences of her latter days, as I am almost the only Englishman left who was honored with the friendship of one who, when she died, was without rival the most remarkable woman in Europe—she having survived for three years her cousin and contemporary, Queen Victoria.

The allusion to the connection of this Bonaparte princess with our own royal family recalls an anecdote which illustrates her sentiment for the Napoleonic legend and its revolutionary origin. Her father, Jerome, King of Westphalia, had married Catherine of Wurtemberg, a great-grandchild of Frederick Prince of Wales. When the Princess Charlotte died, in 1817, none of George III.'s children had legitimate issue, and the reversionary succession to the English throne fell to the descendants of George II., in the Brunswick branch, to which Princess Mathilde's mother belonged. Hence, for a year or two, her brother, born in 1814, was the ultimate heir to the British crown. I had recently unearthed this little-known fact—that two years after Napoleon arrived at Saint Helena, his infant nephew was within reach of becoming heir-presumptive to the Crown of England. One day, speaking of it to the Princess at Saint Gratien, her château near the Forest of Montmorency, I reminded her that, through the Hanoverian line, she was a direct descendant of Mary Queen of Scots, and sug-

gested that from Marie Stuart she inherited certain gifts, of which wonderful traces remained in her old age. The venerable lady was far from displeased at this homage to her former charms, and she went on to relate many stories of her royal relatives outside the clan of Bonaparte. Then, suddenly breaking off, as though she were giving too much importance to vain trifles, she exclaimed: "Après tout—le Premier Consul me suffit."

Her traditions went back even further than the glories of the Consulate and the Empire. She had grown up with people who were older than the French Revolution, in which they had taken part with joy. Until the age of sixteen, she was brought up by the mother of Napoleon, Letizia Ramolino, who was forty before the Monarchy fell. In her early days, among the exiles of the Restoration, she had imbibed the spirit and the language of the old revolutionaries. One evening at dinner at her house in the Rue du Berri, she found my sentiments too reactionary, and as we rose from the table, she tapped me with her fan, and, in the terminology of the Revolution, she cried: "Vous êtes un vieux aristó—vous!"

Whether she had guests at dinner or not, the Princess was at home to her friends, without special invitation, every evening of her life, except on the rare occasions when she went out. There was no pleasanter feature of Parisian life than these informal *soirées* in the salons of the Rue du Berri—a fine red and gold suite, on the ground floor, full of Napoleonic relics, with many a noble example of later French art. Sometimes one would find her almost alone, with her lady-in-waiting, sometimes surrounded by an agreeable little crowd. But whatever the number of her guests, she was always attired in the simple and attractive "décolletage" of the Second Empire, which displayed the sculptural beauty of her arms and shoulders. When visitors were numerous, there were always many interesting figures among them—the classic mask of Monet-Sully, soon to be *doyen* of the Théâtre Français; Benjamin-Constant, that fine painter who was taken too soon from his admiring friends; Prince Louis Bonaparte, on leave from the Russian army, amusing his aunt's guests with stories of Félix Faure's royal airs when he visited the Tsar; Emile Gebhart, the wittiest Rabelaisian that ever enlivened the solemn French Academy. Not many of the Napoleonic nobility frequented the Princess's circle. They preferred to identify themselves with the fashionable relics of the *ancienne noblesse*, with which the niece of the First Consul had little sympathy. But many of the names of her guests recalled echoes of the artistic glories of the Second Empire. One pleasant old gentleman was known, not by his own name, but as "le veuf d'Alboni," in memory of the great days *aux Italiens*. When one evening, "Madame Alexandre Dumas" was announced, followed by "Monsieur Théophile Gautier," the salon seemed to be so peopled by ghosts of bygone Paris that I whispered to our hostess: "Does the Princess by any chance expect Alfred de Musset or Madame Sand to-night?"

When the guests were few, they would sit round the fire, and tempt the Princess to regale them with her far-off reminiscences, or her lively opinions on passing events, on which her keen outlook was always original. One evening someone asked her if she had seen "L'Aiglon," Edmond Rostand's then recent play, in verse, on the tragedy of her cousin, the King of Rome. "What do you take me for?" replied the Princess. "I cannot imagine myself listening to old Metternich, whom I knew, talking poetry!" She always had ready an allusion to ancient days, to illustrate modern instances. When the Ritz Hôtel was beginning the wanton disfigurement and desecration of the Place Vendôme, I was staying there, and the Princess, with her indefatigable activity, said she would like to see it. So she mounted to my apartment, from which there was a view over a leafy garden. "Tiens!" exclaimed the Princess, "le jardin d'Emile Ollivier"—for she found herself looking down upon the garden of the Ministry of Justice, where Emile Ollivier was living, in 1870, as Prime Minister of Napoleon III., when the war came, sweeping away the French Empire, and setting up the German Empire, to become the scourge of Europe.

Another instance of her alertness in old age was called forth by her interest in art. A young kinsman, a connection of the Roman branch of the Lucien Bonapartes, was a promising pupil of Hébert, and the Princess suggested that he should paint the portrait of my little daughter. After many sittings in Hébert's studio, a beautiful picture was produced, but not a portrait. The failure to get a likeness was mentioned to the Princess, who at once said she must go and see it for herself. So she drove up the steeps of Montmartre, and climbed to the lofty studio. "En effet, ce n'est pas ressemblant," was her criticism. "Hébert, viens ici," she cried to the old master, who, in long flowing gown and red nightcap, looked like an aged magician, as he proved himself to be. Then she bade him finish the face himself, as a service to his oldest friend. This he achieved, in two more sittings, and the result is a beautiful masterpiece, the work of three artists—the young pupil, who painted the accessories, the old master, under whose brush the life-like features appeared as by enchantment, and the good Princess who, for the last time in her artist's life, inspired a work of art.

There is many another reminiscence in my memory of "la bonne Princesse," too long to relate here. I could tell of her charity to the poor, and of her religious charity, —for, though a Catholic, she never forgot that her beloved mother was a Protestant, of whom she wrote to me with pride, the year before she died, "entre le trône d'Espagne et sa religion ma mère choisit la dernière." I could fill a page with the doings of one long summer's day, when she entertained my children at Saint Gratien, wondering which of them would survive till 1950, so that he or she would be, through the Princess, a link stretching over 200 years, with "Madame Mère," who was born in 1750; and never thinking that a dozen years later the little boys would be engaged in their first campaign, side by side with the young descendants of Napoleon's "Grand Armée."

Without dwelling on those happy memories, I will conclude with two brief recollections of the Princess. Once I saw her very angry indeed. To please Arsène Houssaye, she had gone to the reception of his son, the historian of 1814-15, at the French Academy. It was Brunetière who received the new Academician, and took exception to some of his eulogies of Napoleon, suggesting that under the Empire, Frenchmen were not allowed to think. The Princess flounced out of the Palais Mazarin as quickly as the crowd and her dignity would permit, and in the courtyard I found her, the prey of righteous indignation. Once I saw the tears come to her eyes, and was the unwitting cause of them. We were talking of my travels, and I just mentioned, without a word of detail, that I had visited Saint Helena.

J. E. C. BODLEY.

Letters from Abroad.

SIGNOR GIOLITTI AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The chief topic of the day continues to be Signor Giolitti's extraordinary letter to his faithful henchman, Signor Peano, published in the "Tribuna" on the situation of Italy in the present European conflict. The echo of his recent statement in the Chamber, revealing Austria's proposal to attack Servia in 1913, had hardly died down when this wonderful political juggler comes out with his new and startling utterance. The letter professes to be merely a reply to the charges made against him of wishing to make party capital out of the international situation in order to embarrass Signor Salandra's Cabinet and eventually bring about its fall, setting up a new administration under his own leadership in its place. The late Premier was accused of having entered into informal negotiations with the new German Ambassador in view of his own possible return to power on the basis of Italy's absolute neutrality to the end of the war—which is all that Germany could hope for.

Also, the somewhat unfair attacks on the Government for its organization of relief for the earthquake sufferers were attributed to Signor Giolitti's inspiration for the same purpose. In his letter, in fact, he begins by rebutting these various charges as baseless, and reaffirms his intention of loyally supporting Signor Salandra, denying that he ever negotiated with Prince von Bülow. But he admits having met him recently, and adds the surprising statement that, although not thoroughly informed as to the exact state of the diplomatic situation, he believes it possible and probable "that Italy may obtain a great deal without going to war."

This declaration has naturally aroused widespread interest in the political world, and everybody is seeking for some interpretation as to what it exactly means. The obvious explanation, in spite of Signor Giolitti's denials, seems to be that he wishes his compatriots to believe that if they make him Premier once more, he will be able to give them Trento and Trieste without the need of fighting for them; consequently Italy would have no object in going to war merely *pour les beaux yeux* of the Entente. This solution, of course, fits in with the views of the Germanophils and neutralists, who see in it a programme and an inspiration; if Austria, they say, is not willing to give up the "unredeemed" provinces, Germany, bewitched by Signor Giolitti, will oblige her to do so as the price of Italy's definite total abstention from the war, so that Italian unity can be completed without the loss of blood and treasure entailed by intervention in the conflict. The move is undoubtedly a clever one on Signor Giolitti's part, for it not only conciliates the extreme neutralists, but also that large section of the public which is prepared to go to war for the sake of Trento and Trieste, but would naturally prefer to obtain them if possible by diplomacy.

But, to judge by the comments of the press and the public generally, the Giolittian thesis does not appear convincing to the mass of the nation. In the first place, the bid for office is too clear, and this, of course, detracts very considerably from the value of Signor Giolitti's promises. Secondly, the Italian public is very sceptical about the reality of Austria's desire to make concessions to Italy. Nothing was gained by Italy's long, supine acquiescence in Austria's Balkan policy, and it is not likely that the Dual Monarchy, even in its present parlous state, would be ready to hand over territories which would leave it almost without a seaboard. In the most favorable hypothesis, as the "Corriere della Sera" points out, the concession even of a part of the disputed districts would hardly be made unconditionally, but only as a promise in the event of a victory of the Central Empire, and for Italy the evils of a victorious Austria would far outweigh the advantages of the acquisition of Trento and Trieste; nor is it by any means certain that such a promise, if it were made, would be kept, for the whole world now knows what value to attach to German or Austrian obligations. Above all, there is absolutely no sign that either Germany or Austria have the slightest intention of making any concessions to Italy in that direction; in fact, all the utterances of their statesmen and newspapers lead to the opposite conclusion, although both Powers are extremely generous in their offers of territory belonging to the Entente! The only other possible solution is that Germany should abandon Austria to her fate, and let her be divided amongst the other Powers, including Italy, but reserving for herself the German provinces. Herr von Flotow, the late German Ambassador in Rome, did make that suggestion openly to various Italian friends; but no one in Italy believes for a moment that, even in that case, Germany, unless thoroughly beaten, would allow Trieste to fall into any but German hands.

There is, moreover, a section of public opinion, the Nationalist Party, which claims that even if it were possible for Italy to obtain the "Irredents" without fighting for it, her moral position and political prestige would be much diminished by her acceptance of such a gift, and that if she is to remain a great Power, she must play her part in the great international cataclysm. On one point, however, all, except Signor Giolitti's stalwart Old Guard, are agreed, viz., that his utterance consti-

tutes a most highly unpatriotic action; in a moment when the whole country must be kept morally as well as materially prepared for war, whether it be destined to take place or not, the declaration of the late Premier cannot but have a depressing effect on the moral of the nation, and lessen its international value. Fortunately, the great majority of Italians fully realize that the real object of Signor Giolitti, in this, as in every act of his career, is mere personal ambition, and that too much weight should not be attached to his words as statements of fact.—Yours, &c.,

A CORRESPONDENT IN ITALY.

Communications.

BERNARD SHAW AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Professor Kirchwey's letter is so agreeable in its good humor and genuine appreciativeness that I owe him a further attempt to make myself clear on the subject of neutrality.

Neutrality is utter humbug. That is my position. There is no such thing as a breach of neutrality, because there is no such thing as neutrality. I hope that is clear enough.

The importance of bringing this simple natural fact home at present arises from three considerations. 1. The danger of obscuring the real issues of the war by the false issue of the neutrality of Belgium. 2. The danger that instead of real terms of peace, fictitious terms in the form of fresh guarantees of neutrality may be accepted as valid. 3. The general objection to throwing stones when you live in a glass house and are allied to Eastern Powers whose whole history is a huge cucumber frame.

Those who insist that neutrality is real and sacred are committed by the facts to the following propositions. 1. Germany has not violated Belgian neutrality: she has made war on Belgium, which her guarantee of Belgium's neutrality in no way abrogated her right to do; and her guarantee of Belgium's neutrality still stands in spite of the war, and actually entitles her to treat a violation of it by another Power as a *casus belli*. 2. France and England have violated the neutrality of Belgium by invading her and fighting on her soil, though they are not at war with her. 3. Germany offered to keep the peace with Belgium on a condition—that of a right of way—which Britain was the first to demand and to enforce by war in China. 4. Britain and France refused to respect Belgian neutrality except on a condition which they knew would not be fulfilled, and which in any case Belgium could not control: namely, that Germany would keep the peace with Belgium. 5. Germany offered peace in Belgium. 6. Britain ordered war, peremptorily. I defy any international jurist to put a creditable complexion on these propositions except by showing that they are a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of neutrality, and admitting that Belgium might as well have been a free country as a neutralized one for all the use the guarantee proved. And it is because I was not duped by that theory that I have set myself from the first to discredit the Belgian pretext for the war, and to induce our Ministers and newspapers to drop it. I did so even before the documents found in Brussels by the Germans left the Foreign Office so completely bowled out on the Belgian point by the German Chancellor that it had not a word to say, and was reduced to hiring a street boy to put out his tongue at him. That was what came of not taking my advice and evacuating an untenable position.

I pass on to the Monroe doctrine, cited by Professor Kirchwey as the supreme modern case of neutralization.

The Monroe doctrine is balderdash. It is not a doctrine at all. Its validity to any intelligent person is exactly what it was to Cortez and Pizarro and the "Mayflower" pilgrims, to Clive and Dupleix, to William the Conqueror, to Cæsar and Napoleon, to Hengist and Horsa, to Joshua in Canaan, to Henry V. in France, to Kitchener in the Sudan, to Kruger and Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, to Strongbow in Ireland and Edward in Scotland, to Russia in Siberia, and to Japan in the advantage she has taken of the

war to make that startling Frederician grab in Mongolia and Manchuria which has just leaked out after a month's concealment by our Government. I have as much right to annex and ravage the State of Colorado as Mr. Rockefeller. If the British Empire ever decides to annex the United States (say with a view to improving its local government) it will not take the slightest notice of the Monroe doctrine, nor will the public opinion of the world be in the very faintest degree biassed against it by the breach thereof. If the United States should ever decide to annex Canada and Alaska on the ground that the Monroe doctrine obviously requires the extrusion of Britain and Russia from the North American continent, they will have to take exactly the same steps as if the Monroe doctrine had never been formulated or thought of. The Monroe doctrine did not help the redskin against the white man; and it will not help the redskin's conqueror when his turn comes. The Monroe doctrine is tosh; and everybody knows it.

Why is it that the European militarists, who annex every country they can conquer, are not at all likely to annex America, and even pretend to respect the Monroe doctrine as an excuse for not trying to? Because they are afraid of the army, the navy, and the people of the United States. Why did Germany make war on Belgium? Because she was afraid to delay her rush on Paris by attacking France through Lorraine and Alsace. Why did she attack France? Because she was terrified by the Russian mobilization, and was afraid that France would strike her from behind when she was attacked by Russia. Why did we attack Germany? Because we were afraid of her growing naval strength, and believed that she would be irresistible if she conquered Russia and France, and thus left us without effective allies. Frightened animals are dangerous; and Man is no exception. We in the west of Europe are all fighting because we were afraid not to.

If the war is to be concluded on ethical principles of any sort, then the settlement will be exactly what it would have been if there had been no war at all. The victory or defeat of the belligerents will not alter by one jot or tittle either justice or human rights or ethnology or religion or language. If England is in the right, a defeat will not put her in the wrong: if Germany is in the wrong, the victory will leave her more in the wrong than ever. The day for believing that the judgment of God is given through the ordeal of battle is gone by: a European or American professing such a belief nowadays in time of peace would be removed to an asylum. We are fighting solely to gratify our pugnacity and satisfy our pride: that is, for the good of our souls. This is the real glory of war; but it is important that we should be able to stop when we have had enough of it.

Neutrality and Monroe's Folly being thus banished to Saturn, what realities do we find unmasked by their disappearance? Simply that it is open to any government or combination of governments to declare that it will make war on any State that invades a certain specified territory. No Government can possibly have or acquire any right to do such a thing; but all States have the power to do it; and if they also have the means to make their threat good, their might will be accepted perforce as an effective practical substitute for right. But nothing can give that might the validity of right. Russia, Germany, and Britain had the power to set up Belgium as a buffer State against France, and to make France accept the arrangement. Britain had the power to maintain Afghanistan as a buffer State against Russia, and Morocco as a buffer State between Gibraltar and any possible fortification of the opposite pillar of Hercules by a rival. France had the power to buy Britain out of Morocco by abandoning Egypt to her, neither party having the smallest right either in Egypt or Morocco except the right of their own will to be there. If you come to rights other than the right of the sword, which is might pure and simple, only the Belgians have any rights in Belgium; and the so-called guarantors of Belgium, by dictating her foreign policy, or rather refusing to allow her to have any foreign policy, and then failing to save her from being overrun by Germany, have more reason to blush at the mention of her name than to invite the admiration of the world for their good faith to her. Of all her deviators and betrayers, Germany has the most cause to boast. She has at least been victorious. But they had better all

take a hint from Lady Teazle, and leave neutrality out of the question.

In saying this, I am by no means suggesting that we should abandon all conscience in international affairs. But I am insisting that we should have the strength of mind and the common sense to give up pretending that the morality of Junker and Jingo diplomacy and of war of any sort is the morality of the nursery and the schoolroom. What State is there among all the belligerents, except Servia (which started the whole business with an act of regicide—not her first) that has not ruthlessly broken treaties and invaded, conquered, and annexed small and weak States, or that does not point to England as the great exemplar in such proceedings? Professor Kirchwey must know that nothing sickens America more than the insult offered to her intelligence and the nausea set up in her moral sense by British writers who persist in proclaiming that the cause of this war is the violation by Germany of the principles of Dr. Watts, and the sacred mission of Britain to vindicate those principles. We are saved from the danger of America's allowing her Germans and pro-Germans to exploit this nausea to the extent of driving her into the war against us partly by the fact that the enemy is as Pharisaical as we are, and partly because we have enough untrified truth-tellers to convince America that the pseudo-patriots and Dr. Watts-contra-Nietzscheans no more represent British opinion than they represent American opinion.

As I write these lines, all Europe is reading Mr. Winston Churchill's proud declaration that the navy, as Britain's main weapon, was fully as prepared as the Germans when the war broke out, and that this was the result of an accumulation of ammunition which has been going on for the last five or six years. Professor Kirchwey is reading it too, and perhaps remarking that he was a little hasty in his incredulity as to the British Lion. I quite understand that incredulity. It certainly does seem incredible that the amiable drifters, the snobs, the prigs, the futile amateurs, the well-intentioned innocents who are put forward as the official staff of the lion should do or plan anything lion-like. The Professor is not the only sceptic. But all the same, the fleet was ready; and the expeditionary force was ready; and we had been accumulating ammunition for years. That is not done by mere amiability and priggery and snobbery: it means teeth and claws and lion's temper.

Lastly, I could, and if I would, explain to Professor Kirchwey why the Liberals are so desperately determined to pretend that the war is all about Belgium, and that we never dreamt of such a dreadful thing until the Kaiser wickedly tore up the scrap of paper. But this eternal blazon must not be in a Liberal paper until Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey either retire or pass over to the party they have placed in command of the House of Commons for the sake of their war.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Letters to the Editor.

IRREDENTIST GEOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—There are statements in Mr. W. N. Ewer's letter, published by you on Feb. 13th, to which attention ought to be directed. He contends—and he will find many who agree with him—that territorial settlement should be based on nationality. He adduces Malta as a specific illustration. He says that there is "an Italia Irridenta (sic) called Malta"; and he speaks of "the Italian of Malta." It will be observed that Mr. Ewer's spelling of Italian is peculiar. Malta geologically belongs to North Africa rather than to Italy. Except as part of the Roman Empire, like Britain or Achaia, it was never politically connected with Italy. For rather more than a hundred years it was a fief of the Count or King of Sicily; but that no more made it a part of Sicily or Italy than the fiefs of our Plantagenet Kings made Anjou or Touraine part of England. For several generations it formed part of the dominions of the Emperor, just as Lorraine did, or what is now Belgium. It belonged for a considerable time to Aragon; and, if former political con-

nexion is to settle its status, the Emperor Francis Joseph or the King of Spain would be less unreasonable in claiming it than Italy.

The Maltese are a Semitic race. There is not more Italian blood in their veins than there is in those of the people of Dublin. They speak a Semitic tongue quite unintelligible by the people of Italy. In this tongue there are many Italian words; but the number of these is not as great as the number of Romance words in our present-day spoken English. For two centuries and a-half Malta was a sovereign state, governed by Grand Masters, the best-known of whom were Frenchmen or Spaniards, like La Valette, de Lisle Adam, and the Cottoners. Malta became part of the British Empire by the free consent of its people.

The official language is Italian, which only a small percentage of the population understands. Maltese has only recently become a literary language. A hundred years ago it had practically no literature. People in Malta who wished to read books had to read them in another tongue. The vernacular was insufficient to meet the demands of the advanced stage of culture which the Maltese had reached. In judicial affairs, the Maltese language of the time was virtually useless for written pleadings. There were scholarly ecclesiastics, learned lawyers, and laymen of culture in Malta, but their higher education had to be acquired elsewhere. Naturally, means of communication and travel being what they were, they went to the nearest schools and universities—viz., those of Italy. This no more made them Italians than frequenting Bologna University made Spaniards into Italians, or frequenting the College of Douai made British Catholics into Frenchmen.

Education in Italy did, however, make many members of the Maltese upper classes familiar with a highly developed language having a great literature, and thoroughly capable of being used in public business of all kinds. It is to this that the adoption of Italian as the official language is due. There is probably no place in the world in which public sentiment is more anti-Italian than it is at Malta. The Maltese are devout Catholics, and passionately attached to the Papacy. When Pope Pius IX. was on the throne, the sailors of an Italian man-of-war visiting Valetta had to abstain from appearing in the streets, as they were liable to be attacked by the inhabitants because their countrymen were keeping His Holiness prisoner.—Yours, &c.,

C. B.

February 14th, 1915.

CHILD LABOR IN THE COUNTIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—In last Saturday's NATION, you credit me with the statement that there has been no rise in agricultural wages in Oxfordshire. I think I ought to explain that, though on February 9th, in a letter to the "Westminster Gazette," I stated that I had not heard of any advance in the rate of agricultural wages in this county, several cases of advanced wages have since then come to my knowledge. It seems that during the last two or three weeks a rise of one shilling a week has become fairly general. In the village where I live the wages were raised one shilling a week on February 13th. In some places in Oxfordshire, I am told that there has been an advance of two shillings a week.

But let me hasten to add that these new facts do nothing to weaken the case against tearing the children from the schools. The rise in wages is quite insufficient to attract much fresh labor. On the lowest wage, the largest increase of which I have heard only represents an advance of one-sixth. But Mr. Asquith has told us that in the small towns and country districts the cost of living has increased by 20·4 per cent.; and it scarcely needs a glance at Mr. Rowntree's budgets to tell one how large a proportion of the laborer's expenditure is affected by this increase in prices. Again, I was told by a farm-laborer on Sunday that though his wage had been raised, he was required to work longer hours. The farmers will not realize that, in order to attract labor, they must make the conditions of employment more attractive.

The proposal to exempt boys of eleven years from attendance at school, which has been blessed by the Education Committee of the Oxfordshire County Council, is entirely unjustifiable. I do not fail to appreciate the shortage of

agricultural labor. Months ago, when the need for increasing our food supplies was more evident on a general view, though less apparent to the farmers than it has since become, I did what I could to point out to the authorities the dangers and difficulties which would be produced if recruiting was pushed among the farm laborers. But the shortage is a shortage of skilled men: it has produced a difficulty which no amount of baby-exploiting will adequately meet. At the same time, I believe that the supply even of skilled agricultural labor could be temporarily increased to a small extent. For example, in the case of one parish of under 500 inhabitants, I know of two men in the prime of life who are now engaged in quarrying, though they worked in agriculture till manhood. These men offered themselves for enlistment; one was rejected on account of his teeth, and the other discharged for varicose veins after he had been in the Army some weeks. The fact that these men are engaged in harder work than agriculture shows that they would be fit for work on the land. Their enlistment suggests that they are not insensible to the call of patriotism, and would be willing to make sacrifices for their country. I think it would not take much to recall them to agricultural work. But can we expect them to come back if it is clear that their return will prevent the wages of their relatives from being raised?

The real case against using child labor does not, however, depend on the possibility of adding to the supply of skilled agricultural labor. A boy of eleven is not a skilled agricultural laborer. And the one real difficulty in the way of attracting adult unskilled labor is the farmers' instinct that the cheapest labor is that for which he pays least. In Oxfordshire, according to the Census of 1911, the number of farmers, graziers, and farm-workers of military age (between 18 and 35) was 5,119. No one pretends that all these have enlisted. But if we take a number of occupations which could be stopped temporarily without any grave danger to the nation—occupations which might supply unskilled labor to the farms—we find a total of 5,273 men in this county who are either under 18 or over 35. They are distributed among the various trades as follows:—

Male domestic servants (outdoor) excluding gardeners, because gardeners are partly at least engaged in the production of food	428
Male domestic servants (indoor)	199
House-building	2,702
Brick, cement, pottery, and glass trades	110
Wood and furniture trades	547
General laborers	1,041
Navvies, &c.	246
	—
	5,273

It is, of course, possible to argue that the farmers could not afford to give sufficient wages to attract these men, or that the withdrawal of the children from school would not matter.

In regard to the first point, I may say that a friend of mine told me that, the week before last, an Oxfordshire farmer of some 800 acres remarked to him that war prices had already made his income £300 greater than he had expected it to be. Moreover, it must be remembered that the cost of attracting men into agriculture is reduced (1) by depression in some of the trades from which men might be drawn; (2) by the increased room for lodgers in the villages owing to the removal of recruits; and (3) by the patriotic motives which might be enlisted.

In regard to the second point, I will only cite the opinion of a first-class village schoolmistress of some forty years' experience, who asserts that the last years at school are far the most valuable, and add that the proposal to bring the boys back to school after the war is a town-hatched delusion. In many village schools the only teachers are women, and they would find boys who had worked for any length of time on a farm very unmanageable and destructive of school discipline. In general, the danger of the policy is surely evident enough. The one certain result of the war is that it will leave us with a smaller proportion of able-bodied men than the population contained before. Are we really going

to muddle things in such a way that we shall also be left on the "outbreak of peace" with a smaller proportion of well-educated youngsters on the threshold of their working life?—Yours, &c.,

REGINALD LENNARD.

Oxford, February 16th, 1915.

THE POLICY OF THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your yesterday's issue, Mr. Bertrand Russell has expressed so perfectly what I had myself wished to say in support of Professor Pigou's "Plea for the Statement of the Allies' Terms" that it becomes unnecessary to cumber your columns with the letter I have already sent you on the subject. But there are two points which Mr. Russell has not touched upon, and for which I would therefore ask for a little of your space.

The first is that a statement of England's terms, or, more strictly, of the terms which English democracy would consider it wise and honorable to insist upon—that such a statement, made in the press and in Parliament is desirable, not only to take the wind out of the German war party's sails, but also to take the wind of unlawful hopes out of the sails of the war parties among our Allies. Judging by the Socialist and Radical papers, there is at present in France little or no liberty of democratic discussion. There is probably not much more, despite all the promised reforms, in still autocratic Russia. Hence, it is possible that in both those countries there will not exist a sufficiently organized party in favor of a moderate and in so far enduring settlement when the moment for diplomatic pourparlers arrives; and that a dangerous preponderance may be left to the parties of aggrandisement and international coercion, which exist, alas! in a good many places besides Germany. Is it not therefore wise to make our Allies understand betimes, and have leisure inwardly to digest, that British democracy does not intend to permit any new Alsace-Lorraines, or abet any such "crushings" as Napoleon inflicted on Germany, with the result of Germany putting all her strength, enthusiasm, and organization, not only into crushing him a few years later, but also into establishing that permanent habit of military preoccupation which has placed Prussia at the head of Germany and allowed Prussia to remain a militaristic semi-despotism?

Surely, it is necessary that British democracy should prepare the mind of our Allies for what it will claim as its share in a joint victory—namely, that victory should not be soiled or jeopardized by self-righteous vindictiveness or short-sighted self-seeking. Moreover, in the case of a joint settlement, each ally will doubtless require to bring some friendly pressure to bear upon partners whose interests or whose ideals may not spontaneously coincide on every point with its own. In fact, it is necessary publicly to discuss, and then publicly to state, England's terms, in order to disarm not only the officially exploited fears of our adversary, but possibly, also, the similarly exploited hopes of one or other of our friends.

The other point concerns our party system. The war has resulted in uniting parties at home; parties which, except in the face of a common national danger, are absolutely antagonistic, not only in avowed policy, but in the spirit underlying such. One of these parties has ideals and habits of mind differing only in degree from those we are all denouncing as Prussian. They might as well, like their rhapsodic spokesman, the late Professor Cramb, have been brought up on Treitschke. What they undoubtedly have been brought up upon, and would even more undoubtedly educate the rest of us into, is belief in Imperialism, Protectionism, and Conscription, with all the police regulations which Conscription entails. Between this section of British opinion and that represented by a Liberal Cabinet a great gulf is fixed. And the cleavage between democratic and Imperialistic policies will have to show itself, as it did towards the end of the South African War, in this matter of the terms of peace. Such being the case, and considering that reticence on this subject will only strengthen the German war party's hands, while accustoming our Allies to a possibly exaggerated belief in England's submissiveness

to those Allies' demands, it may surely be expected that the statement of Britain's terms of settlement become the test question on which British democracy will judge whether it is again represented by the present Government, or whether we are still in the presence of a party coalition, such as was desirable at the beginning of the war, but might be dangerous in view to a durable peace.—Yours, &c.,

VERNON LEE.

February 14th, 1915.

THE FUTURE OF DALMATIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Referring to the article on Dalmatia and Serbian national claims, recently published in THE NATION, and to the letters which have been sent to you as a comment of the same, may we be allowed, as natives of Dalmatia, to make some remarks on the subject?

We would like to ask the author of the article, who has compared Ueskueb and Belgrade with our country, (1) if he ever visited Dalmatia; (2) if the ancient and modern history and civilization of that country (totally Latin and Venetian) are familiar to him; (3) if he knows anything about the violent suppression of the Italian nationality, which Austria, following her dynastic policy of the *Drang nach Osten*, has constantly pursued there during the last fifty years (after Lissa), in favor of the Croatians, in order to become a Slav monarchy, and to exclude Russia from the Balkans, and Italy from the Adriatic.

We are sure no English Liberal, being acquainted with the appalling suffering inflicted upon the unfortunate Dalmatian Italians, whose schools had been completely suppressed from one day to the other in all the towns (excepting Zara, which, therefore, has been able to remain the most Italian of the Italian towns), and whose political and national rights have been violently trodden upon, would overlook the fact that, notwithstanding the incredible Austrian policy of the last half-century, the Italians of our country, though a minority now, have the right to existence and to be incorporated by Italy as soon as Italy will move and fight for her national interests on the side of England and the Allies.

We Italians of Dalmatia are not so blind as to deny the rights both of Serbia and Croatia to have good outlets in the Adriatic. We should feel, however, deeply grateful to those Englishmen who seem to cherish so dearly the Panslav cause, if they would refrain from encouraging with such not very precise statements the Panslav appetites, causing, even without intention, a mutual friction between us and the real Slavs, and between Italy and Serbia.

Italy and Serbia must be friends. Anybody suggesting that the whole of Dalmatia should fall to the lot of future Serbia would unwillingly serve the cause of Austria and her ally. Prince Bülow, in fact, is apparently offering now to Italy the Trentino—without war; just a little less of the share which the Panslavs and their friends would like to give Italy if she participates in the war.

There are a great number of Italian names in our country belonging to people who call themselves Slavs, and there are quite as many Slav names of people who are in reality Italians. The explanation of this fact is that Dalmatia is a country of two nationalities, and of two bloods. There is scarcely any cultured Dalmatian whose origin might not be traced in both races, the Italian and the Slav.

Dealing with such a mixed population, it would not be fair to consider the present majority of one of them, as stated by Austrian statistics *ad usum Croatorum*.—Yours, &c.,

ANTONIO CIPPICO

(Lecturer in Italian Literature at University College).

O. V. BAKOTICH.

February 16th, 1915.

CATHOLICISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Dean Hensley Henson does not matter much; but many of your readers would indeed be sorry if they thought

that you, by inserting his unkind letter, were in any way in agreement with him.

We who stay comfortably at home should at least let those who have willingly offered themselves in this glorious fight for liberty have what comforts they want in their work. We have given them plum-puddings, cigarettes, mouth-organs, and what not. But if some of them feel that they can get spiritual comfort by means of the Mass or by Confession, in the name of common sense, not to mention any higher name, why should those comforts be refused to them?

I need not remind you—it would be useless to remind Dean Henson—that there is nothing "schismatic" in receiving the Blessed Sacrament fasting or in coming to God's Minister, to open your grief if you desire to do so before receiving. But even if it were "schismatic," you and I and many others, I hope, would not be meticulous just now in inquiring into the orthodoxy of the men who are willing to die for us and for a great cause.

The men in the trenches have, at any rate, as much right to their religion as the comfortable Dean to his. Your columns are not the place in which to argue as to which religion is best; but until the war is over, we might, at any rate, live and let live.—Yours, &c.,

STEWART D. HEADLAM.

Wavertree, St. Margaret's-on-Thames.

February 14th, 1915.

[Our correspondents' views are always their own, and neither our agreement nor our disagreement with them can be assumed.—ED., NATION.]

THE FATE OF DE WET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I read not long ago of Avidius Cassius, who rose in rebellion against Marcus Aurelius, but was overthrown and slain before the arrival of the Emperor with his victorious army. "I am sorry," said Marcus Aurelius, "to be deprived of the pleasure of pardoning him."—Yours, &c.,

J. R. F.

February 17th, 1915.

"RUSSIA AND THE JEWS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is no organ safe from Mr. Stephen Graham? In his self-appointed rôle of defender of Holy Russia, that voluminous young writer displays a vigilance and an industry positively German, and an efficiency no less Teutonic in its disregard of established standards. His latest exploit is an attempt to capture THE NATION. But those of your readers who may be impressed by the plausible tone of his letter in your last issue may be recommended to turn to his article under the same title in the current number of the "English Review." Throughout that article, Mr. Graham is incredibly engaged in fanning the almost extinct embers of the Blood Accusation. He actually writes—in language which even the Russian Censor would hardly permit—"Beiliss was innocent—though he was actually involved in the murder. Someone was guilty, a madman or a Jew, and, indeed, the probability is that a Jew actually committed the crime. Whether it was for ritual purposes or not is another matter." The Beiliss case reopened, you see, the whole monstrous medieval myth, still treated as a live possibility. Indeed, Mr. Graham's whole article reads like an expansion of the dialogue which I put into the mouth of the Jew-baiting Russian Baron in "The Melting Pot." It is literary mine-sowing, and in a friendly area, for 350,000 Russian Jews are now fighting for their fatherland.

As for his contribution to your own columns, his cool assertion that "no harm has been done to the Jews during this war"—coming as it does at a moment when the Polish Jews are living through one of the greatest tragedies in history—almost freezes my ink. One must set aside, of course, what the Jews have suffered in common with their fellow-Russians, but the tale of their special miseries is so superfluously tragic that it has brought numerous protests from Russian newspapers and Russian parties. Thus already in the "Russkiy Vedomosti" of November 3rd, Prince Paul Dolgorukoff denounced that pitiless interpretation of the laws of the Pale by which the Jewish soldier's

nearest and dearest cannot visit his death-bed if the hospital lies outside the prescribed region, or which after the amputation of a leg, hounds him out of the prohibited area as soon as he can hobble. Is it for the purity of her Christianity that Mr. Graham has become the apostle of Russia? Well, her Christian chivalry to her Jewish lieges—and many a Russian Jew has rallied to her colors who was safely outside Russia—may be gauged by the instances collected by Mr. George Kennan in the American "Outlook" for January 27th. Mr. Kennan has been accused of creating the "Russia of the novelists." He has therefore wisely confined himself to bald extracts from Russia's own press, such as reports of wounded Jewish soldiers being excluded even from hospitals.

Moreover, Mr. Graham cannot have forgotten the recent historic indictment of Poland by Brandes, his detailed statement of war pogroms, such as that at Javorow, where, under that other medieval suspicion of "poisoning the wells," seventy-eight Jews were killed, many women violated, and houses and shops looted. It is this indictment which has transformed Brandes from the idol of Poland to a dog of a Jew. For one of the first feats of the great humanist was to expend on the literature and romance of Poland all the enthusiasm he could spare from neglecting the romance and literature of his native Jewry. Now, a generation later—disillusioned over the Poles who, in the very height of their struggle for freedom, are seeking to crush or uproot the Jews whom they originally invited to settle among them—Brandes sorrowfully recalls his youthful rhapsodies. "I said, Poland stands as the emblem of all that the greatest of mankind have loved and fought for. Am I to feel shame for these words now when the destiny of Poland is to be fulfilled?" Brandes's generous ardor is still not that of a Jew on behalf of the Jews—as Mr. Graham and his tribe pretend of all such natural emotions—still less is it "pro-German"; it is the old universal passion for freedom and justice.

Mr. Graham, waving aside all these facts with a Podsnappery truly magnificent, observes, with bureaucratic toploftiness, almost as himself a member of "the spheres": "The Russian Government is not in the habit of entering the journalistic arena to deny libels." Why, this is precisely what the Russian Government did when it officially denied in the "Times" of January 22nd the libel fathered on M. Sazonoff by Mr. Stephen Graham, that after the war nothing would be done for the Jews. It was at M. Sazonoff's own house at lunch that, according to Mr. Graham, the Russian Foreign Minister made his statement to him, and as, in the same number of the "English Review," Mr. Graham repeats a conversation on the Jewish question with the Lord Chief Justice at the dinner-table, I can only deplore that a journalist with such a code should be given such prominence in the "Times," or that a writer with so much engaging enthusiasm and literary charm and so precious a sense of Russian mysticism and brotherhood, a writer who might really help Russia and England to help each other, should have gone so hopelessly astray in the dreary bogs of reactionary politics.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

13, Well Walk, Hampstead.

February 15th, 1915.

[We publish Mr. Zangwill's letter, but we think he would do more service to his cause by using a different tone.—ED., NATION.]

FORGIVENESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Archdeacon Cunningham appeals to the New Testament as proving that "the duty of Christians to be forgiving . . . is represented as conditional." May I ask how he would reconcile with this view our Lord's own prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" (Luke xxxiii. 34), or Stephen's prayer, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" (Acts vii. 60)? Sometimes one has wondered whether this last prayer had no influence upon the later life of Saul, who was consenting unto his death; and although complete reconciliation is no doubt impossible, save when forgiveness and repentance meet, it

is surely as often the case that forgiveness evokes repentance as it is that repentance is accepted by forgiveness.—Yours, &c.,

RODERIC K. CLARK.

Asgarth, Purley.

February 16th, 1915.

THE WAR AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You conclude an article on this interesting topic by writing:—"Something new and helpful must be born in the heart of the world from its long travail in war. Is it too much to suggest that in such a society the chief argument against the enfranchisement of women must fall to the ground?"

Some years ago you allowed me to develop at some length the Liberal argument (as I understood it) against the extension of the suffrage to women. May I send a brief answer to your question in the light of present circumstances?

In my view, this horrible war destroys the grounds on which Liberals have resisted the inclusion of women in the electorate. At the close of the war there is bound to be a shifting of electoral issues to industrial, economic, and domestic questions in which women will be not only directly interested but actively participant in their settlement. If this be so, then the indifference and lack of knowledge of old days will give place to an awakened and informed interest in the new issues. No class of the community on which such a judgment can be given ought to be excluded from the electorate by Liberal votes.—Yours, &c.,

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

February 17th, 1915.

Poetry.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

A TROUBLE shakes the rays of dying light,
The troubled earth, tremulous between her poles,
Like a lost angel through the forsaken height
Of the heaven calling, down her sad orbit rolls,
And human hearts, unresting day or night,
Vibrate to passing souls;—

To dying souls, to souls that pass in pain,
Or with one crash are scattered on the air;
To souls that, lightening over hill and plain,
Strike at our spirit's portal unaware,
And, crying for response, again, again,
Hold dim communion there.

Vainly we seek the life that once we led,
Pursue the toil, walk the familiar street,
A ghostly movement stirs around our head,
And in our blood those failing pulses beat;
Hid in the covert of the accustomed bed,
We hear the noiseless feet.

Could but a mountain wilderness provide
Some silent cavern of tranquillity!
Could but an undiscovered ocean's tide
Murmur of peace to such as thither flee!
No silence comforts now the mountain side,
No peace the untravelled sea.

No peace, no silence, no delight of spring,
No joy supportable, even if it came!
Flesh of our flesh, their souls go wandering
—Young souls, who took death's hazard as a game,
Our common men, like us in everything,
In sin, in hope, the same.

Winds of the sky upon their faces blew,
They heard the voice of spring across the guns,
They touched the emerging stream, but never knew
How in full strength dear life's great river runs:—
Would God, would God that we had died for you,
Our sons, our lovely sons!

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century." By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Translated by Wilfred Wilberforce. (Simpkin, Marshall. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

"Germany in the Nineteenth Century." By A. S. Peake, B. Bosanquet, and F. Bonavia. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Trade Unionism." By C. M. Lloyd. (Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Influence of King Edward, and Essays on Other Subjects." By Viscount Esher. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

"In the Lands of the Sun: Notes and Memories of a Tour in the East." By Prince William of Sweden. (Nash. 16s. net.)

"Rural Housing." By William G. Savage. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Schools of Medieval England." By A. F. Leach. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Frederick the Great and Kaiser Joseph: An Episode of War and Diplomacy in the Eighteenth Century." By Harold Temperley. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)

"Five Years Under the Southern Cross." By Frederic C. Spurr. (Cassell. 6s. net.)

"The Heart of Mendip." By Francis A. Knight. (Dent. 8s. 6d. net.)

"The Great Age." By J. C. Snaith. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

DR. GEORG BRANDES has finished his great biography of Goethe, and the work is announced for publication this spring. It is now nearly thirty years since the Danish critic gave his first series of lectures on Goethe, so that the coming biography will contain the results of a study that has lasted almost for a generation. In an interview, Dr. Brandes stated that his book has been written from a European rather than a German point of view, and that its plan differs as much from all existing biographies of Goethe as Goethe's own system of botany does from that of Linnaeus. He does not expect that his book will be well received in Germany, and he is afraid that the bitterness caused by the war will prevent it from having any great success in England or France. He has hopes, however, that it will find readers in America.

THERE is good reason to believe that Dr. Brandes's fears will prove baseless, at any rate, as far as this country is concerned. Goethe's work, like Shakspere's, is part of the inheritance of mankind, and though we are not likely to imitate the Germans and claim that Goethe is not really a German writer, we are equally unlikely to boycott Goethe's biography because we happen to be at war with the Kaiser. The complete failure of the attempt to close our concert-halls to the work of Wagner and other composers of genius, is proof enough that we are not so fanatical as Dr. Brandes seems to believe. A further proof, if one be wanted, is that Mr. John Lane has just acquired the English rights of Dr. Sven Hedin's book on the war, a work which was commissioned by the Kaiser, and is, of course, strongly pro-German in its point of view, and that a translation of it will be published next month. Except for a few passages which treat of Swedish domestic politics, the book will be unabridged, and it will contain a number of photographs and sketches which Dr. Sven Hedin was enabled to take within the German lines.

FROM various quarters I hear that publishers are more sanguine than they have been at any time since the war began. Within the last few weeks, there has been a remarkable increase in the number of books sold, and it is hoped that before long the book trade will have reached something like its normal activity. Some experienced publishers are more optimistic still. They believe that as books are among the cheapest of luxuries, many people will turn to reading who now spend their time in more expensive recreations. If this happens, all who are engaged in the production and distribution of books will have no cause for complaint. Apparently one of the obstacles in the way of such a result is the want of enterprise of the booksellers. Most of them refuse to stock books except on the system of "on sale or return," to which a section of publishers are opposed. But the whole question of bookselling is one to which publishers have not given proper attention. The disappearance of the old-fashioned provincial bookseller is lamented on all sides, and up to the present no agency has been found to take his place. Sooner

or later, there must be a revolution in bookselling. It is for the publishers to face this problem and see that the revolution is a beneficial one.

A VALUABLE contribution to the history of the French Revolution is promised this season in the shape of Miss E. D. Bradby's "Life of Barnave," which will be published by the Oxford University Press. None of the leading figures of the Revolution have met with so little attention from biographers as Barnave, for what reason it is difficult to see. Except for Mirabeau, he was perhaps the greatest orator of the time, and together with Lameth and Dupont he formed a triumvirate which for a considerable period had an influence scarcely less than that afterwards seized by Robespierre, Couthon, and Saint-Just. I understand that Miss Bradby has made a close investigation of the problems raised by Barnave's relations with Marie Antoinette, which were begun on the famous return from Varennes when Barnave's behavior to the King and Queen was in such marked contrast to Pétion's sullenness. An important part of Miss Bradby's task has been to determine how far the letters attributed to Barnave are authentic. As Acton has pointed out, in the early nineteenth century the art of forging letters on the Revolution was carried to such a point that it defied detection, and Marie Antoinette's relations with the Revolutionists was a favorite theme with the forgers.

Two other books of special interest to come from the Oxford University Press are "Mark Rutherford's" "Last Pages from a Journal," which has been prepared for the press by Mrs. Hale White, and the late Mr. W. P. Courtney's "Bibliography of Samuel Johnson." Mr. Courtney spent an immense amount of labor on this task, which he did not live to finish, but his manuscript has had the benefit of revision at the hands of Mr. D. Nicol Smith.

MR. ARTHUR WEIGALL, who was until last year the Inspector-General of Antiquities to the Egyptian Government, is known to a great many readers by his "Life of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt" and his "Life of Cleopatra," the former of which is one of the most fascinating books on early Egypt that have been published within the past score of years. In a new book which will be published by Messrs. Blackwood, Mr. Weigall is concerned with the recent phases of Egyptian history. Its title is "Egypt from 1763 to 1914," and it treats of Ismail Pasha, Arabi Pasha, Lord Cromer, Sir Eldon Gorst, Lord Kitchener, and the last Khedive. Mr. Weigall has spent nearly thirty years in research and excavation in Egypt, so that he has a thorough knowledge of the country and its people.

EXCEPT for the Royal Society of London, the Royal Dublin Society is the oldest scientific body in the United Kingdom, and Dr. H. F. Berry's "History of the Royal Dublin Society," which Messrs. Longmans have in the press, ought to throw some fresh sidelights on Irish economic and social history, especially during the eighteenth century. Full justice has not yet been done to the group of men—Sir William Petty, Molyneux, Dr. Madden, and others—who were closely connected with the Society, and who did so much for the advancement of science.

UNDER the title of "My Path Through Life," Messrs. Putnam are about to publish the memoirs of Madame Lilli Lehmann, the famous singer who was associated with Wagner at Bayreuth. Madame Lehmann gives her reminiscences of the great musicians with whom she has been intimate, and discusses the progress of music during the past half-century in the different European music centres.

RECENT research has brought to light a large amount of fresh material bearing upon English economic history, and this will be utilized in "An Introduction to the Economic History of England" by Mr. E. Lipson, which Messrs. Black have in preparation. The first volume, dealing with the Middle Ages, will be published this spring. Mr. Lipson has made a close study of the town records which are now available, as well as of the Patent Rolls and other similar publications.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE ENGLISH ESSAY.

"The English Essay and Essayists." By HUGH WALKER (Dent. 5s. net.)

THE method adopted in "The Channels of English Literature," the series to which this volume belongs, has advantages and disadvantages. It is instructive to examine a special type of literature—to unearth its origins, to watch its development, and reveal its maturity—and in the case of such clearly defined types as the drama, the novel, and history, the method can be logically pursued. But it is not easy to divide the whole of literature into water-tight compartments. Where, for instance, shall we say that the "essay" ends and the "treatise" begins? And if a separate volume is to be allotted to "criticism," what is to be done with the critical essay? Professor Walker, who is responsible for this volume only, and not for the whole scheme, is aware of the difficulty. And he is aware of the fact that the term "essay" is applied not only to one specific literary form, but to all sorts of miscellaneous writings which cannot easily be brought under a definition. He thus reduces essays to "two classes," one really a class, that of the essay *par excellence*, conforming to the type exemplified in Lamb and Montaigne; the other scarcely a class at all, covering as it does "compositions to which custom has assigned the same name, but which agree only in being comparatively short . . . and in being more or less incomplete."

When he speaks of "essays *par excellence*," Professor Walker means Charles Lamb and his kind. "Such essays could under no circumstances expand into treatises; they are complete in themselves." Two sentences in Alexander Smith sufficient describe his meaning: "The essay, as a literary form, resembles the lyric, in so far as it is moulded by some central mood—whimsical, serious, or satirical. Given the mood, and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silkworm." This is the kind of literature to which we refer when we say so often that the "art of essay-writing is dead." The essayists who conform to this type are, in Professor Walker's view, "of the centre," and the miscellaneous writers who have not aimed at conforming to it are, by definition, either "of the outer ring," or outside it altogether. Discriminating as the author is, it is not unnatural that he should sometimes be hypnotized by his own definition into regarding those who do not conform, and never wished to, as in some sense inferior. Thus he finds himself driven reluctantly to the conclusion that Matthew Arnold, "by reason of his choice of theme, necessitating a treatment in the main less intimate, has to be placed in the outer ring." Such a judgment would surely never have occurred to him if he had not been set the task of forcing literature into definite channels.

In steering his way through the history of the English essay from the sixteenth century down to the present day, it was clearly necessary that he should put further limits to his field of inquiry. He has eliminated the "treatise," which is a prose-work aiming at a degree of completeness not attempted in the "essay"; and it is for this reason, presumably, that Burke is outside his sphere. He has, we think, properly excluded controversial papers and pamphlets of a purely polemical kind. He does not state his reason, and, indeed, in giving attention to the old "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews, he departs from his rule; but we suspect that the real grounds of the exclusion lie in the fact that so many of the controversial pamphlets which have been important to history are not of great importance in literature, and it is sufficient to note that when he comes to Milton, he does, with a slight air of apology, devote two pages to his prose writings, and he extends a similar favor to the "Character of a Trimmer." Here, again, he apologizes: "It is political, but with that detachment of mind which leaves it still a treasure of literature." It is evident that to the critical historian of the "essay," politics, *per se*, is anathema.

It is his great merit, as a critical historian, that though he possesses the knowledge and exactness of a man of

5 Questions to those who employ male servants

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research, his main interest is in the intrinsic excellence of the authors under review. The first real essayist whom he discusses at length is, of course, Bacon. He is not content to show merely how those groups of jottings which were his earliest essays became the more connected, more completely expressed meditations of "the philosopher in undress"; nor to note Bacon's inferiority (*qua essayist*) to Montaigne and Lamb, in that he fails to establish "a confidential relation between the author and the reader." (The Professor is still under the tyranny of his definition). But we find him considering also all that the essays revealed of Bacon himself as man, moralist, philosopher, political thinker. After reflecting upon the low standard of morality set forth in the moral essays, he makes an interesting comment on Bacon as political thinker:—

"In his capacity of political moralist Bacon seems to shake off the fetters which cramp him when he is dealing with individual morality; or rather, perhaps, it is the fact that he is always, at heart, a political moralist that lowers his tone in the other class of cases. The accepted standard of the ethics of public life is to this day, even outside Germany, lower than that of private life."

Professor Walker should have told us something about Montaigne and his predecessors, in order to make clear the origin of the essay as it appears in Bacon. A form of art such as that which appears ready-made and perfect in Bacon needs some explanation; for new, finished forms of art do not spring ready-made out of the void. Montaigne himself cannot be understood unless we are aware that the greater number of his essays are not, in Professor Walker's sense of the term, essays at all; they are compilations of stories, anecdotes, learned sayings, culled from original reading and from other compilations. His earliest "essays" are little more than a string of literary and historical anecdotes and sayings, grouped around a particular theme; the original touch which Montaigne added was that of personal comment, the meditations of a recluse; till at the end the comment and meditation formed the real stuff of the essay. To understand Bacon we must know that, not by accident, but quite deliberately, he followed the model of Montaigne; though he found a technique of his own.

And in the same way, when we come to Steele and Addison, we have to account for the new essay which they stereotyped; to discover their genesis completely we must look outside the sphere of literature proper, and find it in politics and society no less than in literary tradition. It is the literary tradition which Professor Walker, by a natural instinct, follows almost exclusively. Though there is no doubt that Sir Thomas Browne and Cowley, and still more Dryden, were preparing the way for the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," still we must not forget that the essays in the "Tatler" and "Spectator" were what they were to a large extent because these journals were journals; that is to say, the evolution of journalism affected these essays at least as profoundly as the evolution of literature in the stricter sense. It is for this reason that Defoe must be given more credit than Professor Walker allows him. His historical importance lies in the fact that he bridges the gulf between the political pamphlet of the Restoration and the social essay of the Queen Anne period. He was the first journalist who generalised journalism; who turned it away from the consideration of the State in a special aspect to the consideration of it in a general—that is to say, in a human and social aspect. He himself was only possible because the problems of public life had become less intolerably acute, because the old irreconcilable differences were, as it was supposed, reconciled under the Constitution. There was room for a new kind of public interest in journalism. Defoe pointed the way. Steele and Addison instilled into the new journalism the literary quality, the form, the *esprit*, which marked an epoch. Professor Walker is singularly free from the usual cant about this school of writers. He prefers Steele to Addison, and adds: "There was much in the character as well as in the writings of Addison that appealed to the English sense of respectability." "Examination reveals not so much defects as limits," though as the perfecter of English prose style "he represents 'our indispensable eighteenth century.'" We are grateful also to the author for allotting to Goldsmith, not only as novelist and poet, but also as essayist, the true

place which he deserves. He ridicules the "inspired idiot" theory of Goldie, and says a great deal—but not a word too much—about his originality, his good sense, his wisdom. "Goldsmith's literary greatness may be measured by the fact that he has equalled Addison on Addison's own ground, and greatly surpassed him elsewhere." The whole book leads up to and turns upon Charles Lamb, who is the author's essayist *par excellence*. It is not easy to say anything that has not already been said in praise of Lamb, but Professor Walker, reaching the apex of his theme, is not only sane and discriminating in his criticism, but fresh and stimulating. To Leigh Hunt he is less than just. He attacks both his personality and the "vulgarity" of his essays. We prefer the apology and the appreciation which appears in an essay by Mr. Arthur Symons: "With all the instincts of a man of letters, Leigh Hunt was condemned to be, for the most part, a journalist of genius."

In dealing with more recent authors, Professor Walker's criticisms are unequal. He praises Carlyle for establishing "the author's right to be judged in terms of what he attempted to do," and dismally fails to apply the principle when he is writing of Walter Pater. "Was anything more self-centred?" is all he can say after quoting a passage in which Pater characteristically states the case for intellectual curiosity and epicureanism. (Professor Walker is something of a moralist even in his criticism, and reveals neo-Kantian bias.) But his criticism of Pater may be disregarded, for he actually believes that Ruskin was Pater's "master." He is unfair also in dismissing Synge lightly on the grounds of his essays without conveying to the reader that Synge's essays are an almost negligible part of his literary achievement.

Taken as a whole, the book is instructive and wise. Professor Walker has prejudices, but perhaps for that very reason his criticisms—and they are generally real criticisms—are the more interesting. Certainly, amongst those professors of literature who devote themselves to its history he is one of the least "academic" and the most thoughtful. There is soundness, good sense, and acumen in this book.

A CHAPTER IN MASTERY.

"Abbas II." By the EARL OF CROMER. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

WE may well esteem that man fortunate who can resist the temptation of telling the world how clever he is. Lord Cromer has succumbed to it in his monograph on "Abbas II.," without convincing us that he has added any element of value to his great survey of modern Egypt. In that book Lord Cromer accounted fully for his stewardship, and for its outstanding feature that, while he won many things for Egypt, he never won its heart. It will not be counted greatly to his demerit that where he failed with the Egyptian people he failed also with the late Khedive. Abbas II. was an unpromising subject for the experiment which succeeded with his father, Tewfik, because while Tewfik was nobody in particular, Abbas was something. He was a clever, selfish, and narrowly ambitious man, a bad governor from the best Oriental point of view, and no governor at all from that of the Anglo-Egyptian Administration. He loved money more even than power, and his device for getting the latter was by intrigue with the Sultan of Turkey, with the Franco-Russian officials, or with an Egyptian Nationalism which he used and hated. But the question that rises to one's lips is whether, had Abbas been a high-minded patriot instead of a wayward egoist, Lord Cromer's relationship with him would not have been substantially the same. For Lord Cromer had one measure for Egyptian statesmanship. If it served the Occupation it did well; if it raised a protesting finger it did ill. The native Egyptian possessed in his eyes a number of incurable moral defects. He might put too much salt in his soup, or (worse still) none at all; his womenkind might interfere in politics; he wore his courtesy as a mask and his public spirit as a cloak for some private grievance. But all these misdemeanors became crimes when directed against, or in criticism of, the British Agency. In practice, Lord Cromer was too good an administrator to refuse to qualify this mental interdict. But it disinclined him to the more considerate dealing which began with his own resignation, when, as he admits in his reference to Sir Eldon

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Gorst's brief succession, "an entirely new spirit was breathed into the administration." The Khedive and the new Agent became friends; and we doubt whether, even under Lord Kitchener's rule, the Khedivial Palace and the Kasr-el-Doubara were so completely sundered as in the days of Lord Cromer. For good or evil, the episode is over now. Abbas is gone, and it is the fate of bad rulers to be soon forgotten. But it is fair to remember that Lord Cromer's great work has also left no permanent mark behind it. He admits, as he has admitted before, that the Capitulations, will go. They are obviously incompatible with any kind of Egyptian association with the British Empire. But the existence of the Capitulations was the sign of Egypt's lack of the Code and the Constitution for which her and our best officials have long pleaded in vain. Lacking them, there could be no Egyptian Government in the true sense of the word; there could only be an occupation.

So long as our Government of Egypt remained on the military plane, its moral force could not be great. Had Lord Cromer set himself to reform Egyptian education, to give the country a real University, and to prepare the way for a measure of self-government, it might have been gradually transformed into a model Protectorate. But Lord Cromer ridicules these objects as mere idols of the market-place. So long, however, as he places them in this light, he might have painted in soberer tones his various triumphs over Abbas II.'s recalcitrancy. They were easily won. Abbas was fickle, ill-advised, unscrupulous, and powerless. Lord Cromer had the power, and the will and the ability to wield it. On the issues of general policy, the Khedive was in the wrong. Lord Cromer truly says that he was "Khedivial" rather than "Egyptian." He used the Nationalists without sympathizing with them; the case of the fellah, which is the case of Egypt, never appealed to him. Officials had one sure passport to his favor—anti-Anglicanism. This was an aversion, not a policy, and, indeed, Abbas's European residence and training unfitted him for the part of a "patriot" ruler. Yet it is difficult to withhold all sympathy from his struggles with Lord Cromer over Ministerial appointments. He asked for Ministers in whom he had confidence; and in the case of Riaz Pasha, his desires were not ill-placed. In practice, if not in form, Lord Cromer's retort was to strike from the roll-call of possible Ministers every man who could not be trusted to serve the will of the British Agency. He waited to get his blow in, and delivered it with force, if not always, we imagine, with tact. Lord Rosebery offered him never-failing support; and after a few years of such pressure, and a lesson or two in what British force meant, the Khedive's open opposition to its policy was at an end. *Finis coronat opus.* But we doubt the discretion of this uncompromising presentation of it in an hour when the problem of Oriental government has taken an entirely new perspective. Lord Cromer presents us with the old idea of the Oriental as a fit subject for Western mastery, but by no means as an intelligent agent even of Western forms of government; the trenches of Flanders have opened to us a new chapter of Empire, in which West and East meet in the spirit of co-operation for the common end.

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THE BRUTALITY of Lord Braxfield, the bibulosity of Lord Hermand, and the foolishness—echoing straight from Dogberry—of Lord Eskgrove might be combined into a chapter of Scottish legal history to which a parallel would not easily be found. The period is from the second half of the eighteenth century to the earlier decades of the nineteenth. In the diversified annals of the Bench nothing else quite comes up to it.

Mr. Forbes Gray's twelve celebrated characters were all lawyers; but, as he remarks, they were also a great deal more:—

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eccentricities, and their still more amazing foibles, are so completely at variance with the modern conception of those holding high judicial position, that one marvels how such men ever found their way to the Bench. Certainly the judges here depicted cannot but arouse interest, though they may not always excite admiration."

This is entirely true. Until we come down to the period of Lord Jeffrey (1773-1850), better known as the first editor of the "Edinburgh," and Lord Cockburn (1779-1854), the Scottish judiciary, vigorous and bigoted, often savage, but not often unlearned, is seldom "a theme for elation." Lord Hailes stands out as a gentleman, cultured and sober and upright, amid a crowd of "buffoons, cranks, roysterers, rabid politicians, and men of odd and clownish manners"; but Hailes is scarcely an impressive figure.

We have the redoubtable Braxfield (on whose somewhat enigmatical portrait by Raeburn, R. L. Stevenson made such suggestive comment); Braxfield of the rough eyebrows, threatening lips, and low, growling voice "like a blacksmith"; Braxfield to whom every accused presented himself in the light of a person who would be "nane the waur o' a hangin'." He has been compared with Jeffreys, and may also be compared with Fouquier-Tinville. Braxfield's terrific Scottish accent must in itself have disconcerted many prisoners, but there was one at any rate whom it did not:—

"Hae ye ony coonsel, man?" said he to Maurice Margarot, when placed at the bar on a charge of sedition. "No," was the laconic reply. "Dae ye want to hae ony appointit?" continued the judge. "No," said Margarot sarcastically, "I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your lordship says."

It will be remembered that Stevenson's Weir of Hermiston is drawn from Braxfield; and the author, in a letter from Vailima, anticipated that he would prove "my masterpiece." Mr. Forbes Gray assures us that "the general characteristics of Weir of Hermiston faithfully reflect those of the truculent Braxfield."

Lord Cockburn, whose delightful "Memorials" contain some of the most brilliant pen portraits in the language, says of this Justice-Clerk:—

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The Bench behavior of most of these senators was not less than extraordinary. In our own day the bully has not vanished from the lists of counsel, but we believe that the manners of judges are mainly unexceptionable. Facetiousness there is, but better surely the worst and most tedious of japes than the judicial style of Lord Kames, who, in sentencing to death a man with whom he had formerly played chess, exclaimed: "That's checkmate to you, Matthew!" Better a punning judge (if one remain) than the general attitude of Braxfield when the case seemed dubious: "Hoot! just gie me Josie Norrie"—a clerk well up in forms and precedents—"an' a gude jury, an' I'll do for the fallow!"

We have referred to the bibulosity of Lord Hermand, whose reputation as a judge, says Mr. Gray, is overshadowed by his reputation as a toper. In this character, indeed, Hermand is of Rabelaisian bulk, and dearly would Friar John of the Funnels have liked an evening with him. "Drink was his profession, and the law only his amusement." Cockburn, who had married one of Hermand's nieces, wrote of him: "Commonplace topers think drinking a pleasure; but with Hermand it was a virtue":—

"In his maturer years," says Mr. Forbes Gray, "Hermand unfeignedly lamented the fact that the business of drinking was no longer taken seriously, and did his best, more by example than by precept, to preserve a pastime (as he conceived it) that had been falling into disrepute. When some youths of a later age aspired to moderate drinking, Hermand was full of lamentation: 'What shall we come to at last? I believe I shall be left alone on the face of the earth—drinking claret!'"

Hermand would drink "with him that wears a hood," and with him that did not. He drank to the general joy of drinking. He had the brains for it, and drinking largely did but sober him. He drank when he had occasion to drink, and occasion failed him not. He drank, in fine.

A man fit for a comedy, is Mr. Gray's brief description of Lord Monboddo—though, by the way, he should have

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remembered the incomparable fun that De Quincey makes (in the "Autobiographic Sketches") of Monboddo's pre-Darwinian theory of tails. But well-nigh all of these strange creatures are fitter for the wide stage of comedy than for the cribb'd arena of a criminal court. What a figure is this, for instance, of Lord Eskgrove, concerning whose harangues to juries or malefactors Edinburgh had a new legend every day! About the best of them there was, happily for posterity, nothing legendary at all. What fell from the judge's lips was rarely susceptible of improvement on the part of any professional story-teller. Hear him (not failing the while to note the countenance varying "from a surfy-red to a surfy-blue," and the "huge clumsy chin," which moves "like the jaw of an exaggerated Dutch toy") condemning to death the tailor who had stabbed the soldier:—

"And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or pro-pell the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majes-ty's!"

Or, for another taste, take the address of Lord Eskgrove to certain prisoners convicted of robbery and assault. In the gloom of his court, obscured by tallow candles that nobody ever snuffed, he would ramble on hour after hour, until, like the despairing jurymen, he had all but forgotten the cause he was discussing. Pulling himself together on this occasion, towards midnight, the judge suddenly rounded on the dock, and roared: "And all this ye did—an' God presarve us!—joost when they were sitten doon to their denner!"

Not a little of all this we have read before, chiefly, perhaps, in Cockburn; but to very many readers the story will be new, and at Mr. Forbes Gray's hands it misses nothing.

A GERMAN ON ENGLAND.

"His English Wife." By RUDOLPH STRATZ. Translated by A. C. CURTIS. (Arnold. 6s.)

THE English public has had ample opportunities of late to familiarize itself with specimens of the militant propaganda periodically directed against England by German writers. It is easy to concentrate too much attention on Bernhardi and his followers, and exaggerate the influence exercised by the extreme disciples of Pan-Germanism. Such writers, though symptomatic, are merely representative extremists, and we must turn to a less specialized and more ordinary class if we would realize the swelling tide of opinion in the body of the nation. A clever, well-written story, which both mirrors and helps to mould the ideas of middle-class society, gives a truer indication of the moving volume of popular feeling, and "His English Wife," ably translated by Mr. A. C. Curtis, is almost startling as an example of the subconscious force of a national prepossession. One reflects with despair, after laying down the book, that nothing could avail against the Teuton's irritation against us, expressed with such obvious sincerity by Herr Stratz, for it is founded on a proud consciousness of the root superiority of German virtue, German energy, and German whole-heartedness, to anything that England can show.

Lieutenant Helmut Merker, the hero, is a well-bred, modest, good-hearted young soldier, of an old Frankfurt family, poor but proud. He has rich cousins, the von Wildings, on the Rhine, and there are also the English Wildings, the bankers, who migrated from Frankfurt in 1866. On a visit to England, Helmut looks up the wealthy family, falls in love with his tall and slim English cousin, Edith, and becomes engaged to her. The descriptions of English ways reflect a variety of his impressions of London commercial life in Old Broad Street, of family life in Belgravia, and at Rosemary Hills, a typical country house in the Isle of Wight; then there are accounts of visits to undergraduates at Oxford, of race meetings and tennis parties, of golf, of riding, of hotel and club life; but everything said in these first chapters squares with the verdict of the Rhodes' scholar, Wolfgang von Wilding: "They are convinced that the Almighty created the world and humanity simply and solely for the convenience of the English. They're too prosperous . . . and lazy, my dear fellow; lazy to distraction. They're satiated, over-satiated, and won't raise a finger except in their sports." The position of old Mr. Wilding, the weary London merchant, is skilfully presented

as symbolical of the dry rot in the British Empire. He toils all day in the City, and now that he is getting worn and shaky, his South American business is being undercut by the powerful Hamburg firms. His two sons, Bill and Fred, have expensive establishments, but they only turn up once a week at the office to sign letters, and they and their wives spend the firm's money on a round of pleasure in yachting, fishing, and shooting. Old Wilding, in fact, is living on his capital, and a crash is bound to come. Meanwhile, Edith forces him to accept Helmut as his son-in-law, and to plank down a poor five thousand pounds for her dowry. It is on this money that the happy young couple set up "their little nest," a showy house at Alsheim, dignified by the imported English motor-car, chauffeur, and lady's maid. Edith's introduction to Helmut's chivalrous brother officers is made on the occasion of a warm eulogy of the whole-heartedness and solid virtues of the Rhine folk. But, of course, the calm, golden-haired Edith, who is a snob at heart, and, as a free Englishwoman, only reverences nobility and wealth, is bored by "this land of duties" and the little garrison town where there is no golf and no fox-hunting, whereas her husband's friends complain of the "English atmosphere" that is gathering round him. Helmut, in fact, is affected by the "huge allowance" and the luxury he can indulge in through "the old man's cheques," and, overborne by his wife's insistence, he yields and applies for leave and goes off with her to Cairo.

We doubt whether one man in twenty in a German audience would detect any bias in the artful picture of Lieutenant Merker's state of mild intoxication over the free English independent gentleman's "happy lot in life." The whole world seems open to the English; everywhere is felt the spirit of the world-embracing British Empire; talk of Peking, Calcutta, Nigeria, of the Blue Nile, of frontier fighting on the North-West frontier, &c., rises up from the hotel lounges; everywhere one seems to see the Union Jack waving and the smoke of the British battleships, while at home in Germany there is only the treadmill of conscientious duty, and nobody gets any thanks! With horror, the German reader begins to fear that Helmut is in danger of being infected by the spoiled Britisher's outlook, and that, despite the snatch of ominous talk he overhears at a Cairo reception, "The German fleet ought never to have been built, and it'll be a tough job to sink it now . . . we'll go through to the bitter end. No sacrifice is too great for it." But prolongation of furlough is curtly refused the Lieutenant, and shortly after he has rejoined his regiment, a row with his captain determines him to resign from the service. His colonel, however, arranges that he shall be given a year's leave without pay, so that he can come back to the army should he wish to do so later. And six months' experience of the perpetual pleasure-hunting, lounging life of the leisured Englishman effectually cures him. As he puts it to his wife, "If an Englishman does anything, he does it off his own bat. But in Germany there is the sense of united action, of the united effort of a mass of men, and the individual's pride at being a part of the whole. Work over there is service." Of course, the fair Edith cannot follow his meaning, and only suggests that he shall speculate on the Stock Exchange! But when she refuses point-blank to return to Germany with him, and when his father-in-law, distracted by German competition, insults him and says that Helmut will have to stay at Rosemary Hills and become an Englishman, for all the money is needed now against Germany in the business, he boils over, tells his wife's relatives what a frivolous, worthless, rotten set they are, and rushes back to garrison life on the Polish frontier to regain his self-respect.

Before this crisis has been reached, the patient reader will have perceived that the English Wildings are at least semi-foreign, and that poor Helmut has only been mixing with degenerate specimens of emigrant countrymen who have lost their virtues and acquired our vices. Edith, for instance, both in her emotions and her conduct, is simply a German girl with a veneer of English tastes and English obstinacy. Alike when she promises to become "a good German regimental wife," when she "shrieks and sobs loudly and unrestrainedly" to keep her husband in England, and when she rushes over to Czenstowitz and "throws herself, laughing and crying, on his neck, in order to bring him back home at last," she is quite Teutonic. Herr Stratz no

HOME AND COLONIAL STORES, LIMITED.

The twentieth annual general meeting of this Company was held on the 12th inst., at 4, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C., Mr. W. Capel Slaughter (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said that in times like these it was particularly gratifying to the Board to be able to present to the shareholders a report and balance-sheet of so satisfactory a character. The accounts showed that the net profits for the year were £225,829, to which must be added the amount brought forward, £27,731, making a total of £253,560. That total sum had been dealt with as follows: In payment of the dividend on the 6 per cent. preference shares and 15 per cent. on the cumulative preference stock and ordinary stock, absorbing £123,600; placed to reserve £40,000, leaving a balance of £89,960. That balance the Board proposed should be disposed of in the following manner: In payment of a dividend of 25 per cent. on the "A" ordinary shares, £25,000; in appropriation to the Company's sick fund, £2,000; to the special bonus to the branch staff, £25,000; and in carrying forward, £37,960. Up to the time of the outbreak of war, the volume of the Company's sales showed an increase over the previous year, but a larger increase in that volume had taken place since the war commenced.

The Chairman considered it was only natural that the shareholders should expect from him some statement as to how the business of the Company had been affected by the war. As the report told them, at the outbreak of war—indeed, the outbreak itself led to apprehensions on the part of some of the public as to the maintenance of the food supply of the country; and that fact caused a dislocation of business, and led some people who had fears to make what the Company considered were unnecessarily heavy purchases, and that had the effect of making the market prices advance unnecessarily, and to an unreasonable degree. The Board at that time were compelled to sit in almost continuous session.

Passing to the proposal of the Board with regard to the branch employees, the Chairman said he would like to preface his remarks on this subject by stating that the directors had always been proud of the excellent relations existing between themselves and the branch staff. He had consistently referred to this at the annual meetings of the Company during the whole of the twenty-seven years of his chairmanship. His colleagues and himself fully appreciated the importance of maintaining those good relations, and as occasion offered they had taken the opportunity of giving their staff practical evidence of their desire to study their welfare. As examples of this attitude on the part of the Board, he would mention that early in April last they decided to relieve the branch managers of the responsibility for the custody of cash after business hours. And again, in July last, the Board resolved that, beginning with the current year, the Company would pay the guarantee premiums which the employees had hitherto paid themselves, while still more recently the Board arranged that the full week's wages should be paid to the staff on Fridays, and that arrangement had proved to be a very great convenience to the staff in making their domestic arrangements.

The Board were so convinced of the contentment of their staff with the conditions of their service that when they decided to submit to the shareholders the proposals outlined in the report, they also decided to abolish the radius clause in the service agreements signed by their managers, and they had no doubt that its abolition would be appreciated as a further proof of goodwill and confidence. The staff had responded splendidly to the call for recruits, and there were now serving with the colors over 400 good men and true who were Home and Colonial employees. These men were at present the Company's employees, because their places would be kept open for them at the close of the war. The Chairman said that the arrangements which he had proposed would affect the interests of the "A" shareholders more immediately, and he was pleased to say that of the total of those shareholders, about 75 per cent. had written to the Company expressing their approval of the proposal, and not one of those shareholders had expressed any objection.

In conclusion, the Chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts, the payment of the dividends on the "A" shares as set out in the report, and also authorising the Board to carry out the arrangements which he had proposed in regard to the branch staff.

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doubt knows English life from the outside; but, like his race, he does not possess the power of penetrating into the spirit of another nationality, and he is apt to fall back on flat caricature, as when he presents Mrs. Wilding, "with her tall and disturbingly thin figure, sitting bolt upright, fixing her cold, expressionless eyes on him, and showing her prominent teeth in an icy, disapproving smile." Mrs. Wilding is, in fact, our old friend Albion—hostile, hypocritical Albion—so dear to Continental traditions, and it gives us pause when we remember that this legendary figure dates as far back as Heine's unflattering impressions of England, ninety years ago. In this scene, English "arrogance and English old-maidishness and moth-eaten stiffness" are too much for Helmut, who thrills with "helpless rage," and storms out of the room; but we are really touched when the soft-hearted lieutenant weakens, and dreams of following his wife to Berlin; but then he thinks better of it, arrays himself in helmet and tunic, and, with weeping heart, stands before the looking-glass and says, sternly: "No; I remain firm, I remain here, I remain German!" It is all so childishly human that one asks oneself—"Couldn't we really have made terms with this honest, idealistic, industrious, blundering race, so greedy for 'world-power,' so pathetically absorbed in its ambition to impose itself and its collective virtues on its shrinking neighbors?"

Could we? The answer, we fear, must be "No" if we are to accept the significance the author attaches to a figure of a German Captain of Industry who now enters the story. Political storm-clouds soon blow up, and the business house of the English Wildings collapses, after frantic Stock Exchange gambling by the old merchant to avert bankruptcy. The underlying national animus of the picture is disclosed in the chapter in which John Wilding journeys to Frankfurt to implore "his dear cousin, Leopold," the capitalist, Privy Councillor von Wilding, to come to the firm's assistance. Naturally, the old merchant's humiliation is all to no purpose, and from the lips of the stern, imperious Teuton we learn not only many home truths, but we receive the warning—"The steam-gauge in Germany stands at 99 . . . If we explode . . . we shall take you along with us and the whole of Europe besides . . . to the joy of the Yankees and Japs." The bankruptcy and death of the old merchant follow, and engulf the money of many friends in his trusting circle. Then the lieutenant stands up like a man, and, by taking a humble post as a shipping clerk in a Liverpool office, shows the degenerate English how to keep a family on three pounds a week.

As we have indicated, Herr Stratz's picture of England is concerned with the luxury and slackness of a parasitic family; but the German reader will not pause to ask: What about the thirty-nine millions of people outside this rotten circle? Every scene, every conversation, leads insidiously to confirm the German's fixed view of England as a pursy, grasping Moneybags, riddled with senile diseases, with whom the Day of Reckoning is coming. It is the song of Teutonic super-virtue, with a growling undertone of militarism that Herr Stratz raises—the same song that thundered in the streets of Berlin last August on the Declaration of War.

The Week in the City.

UNDoubtedly, the two most impressive things at the present moment in economics and finance are, first, the doubling of wheat and rye prices as compared with this time last year,

and, second, the necessity in which the Western Allies find themselves of financing Russia. There is a certain connection between the two facts; for, if it were not for the blockade of the Black Sea, the big Russian corn surplus (estimated by the Prime Minister at ten million quarters) could be marketed. If the Dardanelles were open, the difficulties of Russian Exchange would be largely remedied by the export of grain, and this export, while relieving Russian commerce, would also cheapen the price of wheat in Great Britain. As it is, the price depends upon New York or Chicago and Buenos Aires, and at Chicago some expect to see another big rise. Whether freights and insurance will rise, owing to German submarine warfare, remains to be seen. The Russian Treasury Bill issue (£10,000,000) has been a success. Whether a Russian loan will appeal to British investors just now is not so certain. The great bulk of Russia's external debt—probably about 400 millions—is held in France. The Stock Exchange has been relieved of its fears that a big joint loan might be attempted. But business is very dull, and is likely to remain so until there is some definite prospect of peace. Some investment demand is reported for Colonial 4 per Cent. issues—New Zealand, Canadian, and South African. One is glad to hear that the revival in Lancashire trade continues.

RUSSIAN SECURITIES.

In view of the alliance with Russia, it seems very likely that Russian securities may become the special concern of the Foreign Office and the Treasury. They have been welcomed here previously by official circles as likely to assist the *entente*, but now Russian credit has been made a vital interest of this country. Russia used to protect her credit in this market very carefully, and was able to borrow at what seemed to be remarkably low rates; but the war had exhausted her credits here, as the recent Russian Treasury Bill issue indicates. Russian bonds, therefore, are much cheaper than usual where "minimum price" restrictions do not obtain, and in view of the certainty of Russia being given sufficiently large credits to enable her to rehabilitate her exchange, the following list of a few Russian Government and municipal securities may be of interest:—

GOVERNMENT:—	Issue	Price	Present	Yield
	Price	July 27.	Price	£ a. d.
5 per Cent. Loan, 1906	89	98	96	5 4 0
4½ per Cent. Loan, 1909	88½	94	86	5 4 6
4½ per Cent. Armavir-Touapse Rly.	97½	93½	86	5 4 6
4½ per Cent. Troitzk Rly	95	93½	85	5 6 0
4½ per Cent. Kohetian Rly.	—	93½	84½	5 6 6

MUNICIPAL:—	Issue	Price	Present	Yield
	Price	July 27.	Price	£ a. d.
5 per Cent. City of Moscow	87½	101	93	5 7 6
Do. 4½ per Cent.	96½	92½	85	5 6 0
5 per Cent. City of Baku	96	91	84½	5 18 6
5 per Cent. City of St. Petersburg	93½	93½	82½	6 0 6
5 per Cent. City of Kieff	95	94	82½	6 0 6

The Government bonds yield round about 5½ per cent., not a bad return, considering the support which the British Treasury apparently feels bound in honor to extend to Russian credit. The yields on the Moscow loans are practically the same as those on the guaranteed railway issues, but 6 per cent. upon the security of the City of St. Petersburg looks good—if Russia is in the advanced state of civilization which we are asked to believe now obtains in the realms of the Czar.

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